

SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1822.

(London Time's Telescope, for April, 1822.)

April.

Now Nature, to her Maker's mandate true,
Calls *Spring's* impartial heralds to the view.
Behold how lovely shine the gems of rain,
Like sparkling diamonds on the glitt'ring plain;
How hanging on the flow'ring shrubs they blaze,
And dart beneath the leaves their silver rays.

SUCH is the general character of April; yet we have sometimes very sharp frosts in this month as well as in its successor, May. In the higher tracts of Persia, the balmy season of Spring advances with singular rapidity. During the months of April and May, every mountain's brow is covered with rich herbage, and the air is filled with perfume from the full-blown flowers of the numberless gardens: the whole country puts on its fairest garb, looking enchantingly, and breathing sweets from every quarter.

The love-laboured song of the nightingale is occasionally heard in the daytime in England, and all day in the *East*, and in some parts of Europe. An English traveller of the seventeenth century, writing from *Shiraz*, and inspired by the climate, says, 'the nightingale, sweet harbinger of light, is a constant cheerer of these groves; charming, with its warbling strains, the heaviest soul into a pleasing ecstasy.' The Persian poet, Hafez, a native of *Shiraz*, repeatedly alludes to the night-

ingale in his beautiful and truly Anacreontic Odes:—

In shrubs which skirt the scented mead,
Or garden's walk embroidered gay,
Can the sweet voice of joy be found—
Unless to harmonize the shade,
The *Nightingale's* soft warbled lay
Pours melting melody around.

The Persian writers frequently compare their poets to nightingales; and, indeed, Hafez has acquired the constant appellation of the '*Persian Nightingale*;' to this the bard alludes in his sixth ode, as translated by Nott. The beautiful fiction of the Asiatic poets, that the nightingale is enamoured of the rose, has been noticed in the Introduction to our last volume (p. xliv); Hafez, speaking of our eagerness to enjoy the pleasures of the Spring, beautifully observes, '*We drop, like nightingales, into the nest of the rose.*'

Again, in his seventh ode, he says, 'O Hafez, thou desirest, like the nightingales, the presence of the *rose*: let thy very soul be a ransom for the earth, where the keeper of the rose-garden walks!' In the eighth ode, also, we have the following:—

The youthful season's wonted bloom
Renews the beauty of each bow'r,
And to the *sweet-songed bird* is come
Glad welcome from its darling flow'r.

In the sixth stanza of the ninth ode, the bard again alludes to this favourite

fiction, which, literally translated, would stand thus : ' *When the rose rides in the air, like Solomon*, the bird of morn comes forth with the melody of David.*' In Ode XIII, on the return of Spring, we are presented with the following beautiful stanza on the same subject :—

The love-struck nightingale's delightful strain,
The lark's resounding note are heard again ;
Again the rose, to hail Spring's festive day,
From the cold house of sorrow hastes away.

Sir William Ouseley, who resided for some time at *Shiraz* in the year 1811, says that he passed many hours in listening to the melody of the nightingales that abounded in the gardens in the vicinity of this city ; and he was assured by persons of credit that several of these birds had expired while contending with musicians in the loudness or variety of their notes. Sir William Jones records a similar contest, not mortal, but of extraordinary result. An intelligent Persian, who repeated his story again and again, and permitted Sir William to write it down from his lips, declared, that he had more than once been present when a celebrated lutanist, Mirza Mohammed, surnamed *Bulbul* (nightingale), was playing to a large company in a grove near *Shiraz*, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician ; sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument whence the melody proceeded ; and, at length, dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy from which they were soon raised, by a change of the mode.

In confirmation of the Persian report given by *Sir William Ouseley*, it may be mentioned, that, according to Pliny (Nat. His. lib. xc, 29), in vocal trials among nightingales, the vanquished bird terminated its song only with its life ; and Strada (lib. ii, prolus. vi) supposes the spirit of emulation so powerful in the nightingale, that, having strained her little throat, vainly endeavouring to excel the musician, she

breathes out her life in one last effort, and drops upon the instrument which had contributed to her defeat.

That nightingales have often been entranced through the effect of instrumental musick, appears from Bourdelot's '*Histoire de la Musique.*' Nothing is more common (he observes) than to see the nightingales, at particular seasons, assemble in a wood, when they hear the sound of certain instruments, or of a fine voice, which they endeavour to answer by their warblings, with such violent efforts, that I have (he continues) beheld some of them fall, as if entranced, at the feet of a person who possessed what is called a 'nightingale throat,' to express the flexibility of a fine voice. Bourdelot adds, that, frequently, both nightingales and linnets, perched even on the handles of lutes, guitars, and other instruments with which it was usual for persons, about a century since, to amuse themselves at the *Tuileries*, in Paris, in the month of May.

The primrose now (*primula veris*) peeps from beneath the hedges.

TO THE PRIMROSE.

Mark in yonder thorny vale,
Fearless of the falling snows,
Careless of the chilly gale,
Passing sweet the *Primrose* blows.

Milder gales and warmer beams
May the gaudier flow'rets rear,
But to me the *Primrose* seems
Proudest gem that decks the year,

Darling flow'r ! like thee, may I,
Dauntless view the tempest rise,
Danger neither court nor fly,
Fortune's bleakest blasts despise ;

Oppression's threats regardless hear,
Nor past regret nor future fear.

APRIL 1.—ALL or AULD FOOLS' DAY.

Formerly on this day every body strove to make as many fools as they could with ridiculous absurdities. *Fools*, in the modern or dramatic sense, were known in the church, and called also the *Vice*. Shakspeare makes Richard the Third say,

Thus, like the formal *Vice*, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word. *Act 3, sc. 1.*

* The Comparison of the beauty of a flower to the richness of King Solomon's attire, was, perhaps, a favourite figure among the Eastern writers, and may be found in holy writ. (Luke xii. 27.)

The Fool, Vice, or Iniquity, was a character in the antient Mysteries. There is a Fool introduced among the persons at the Crucifixion, in the great window at the east end of King's College Chapel, at Cambridge. Thus, perhaps, All Fools' Day was set up by the common, or by scoffers, in opposition to, or ridicule of, All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day, which happen on the 1st and 2d of November in the opposite season of the year.

APRIL 4.—MAUNDY THURSDAY.

The ceremony instituted in commemoration of our Saviour's washing the feet of the apostles is still practised by the Pope at Rome, and is thus described by a modern writer:—
'There are *thirteen* instead of twelve; the odd one being the representative of the angel that once came to the table of the twelve that St. Gregory was serving. The twelve were old priests, but the one who performed the part of the angel, was very young. They were all dressed in loose white gowns, with white caps on their heads, and clean woollen stockings, and were seated in a row along the wall, under a canopy. When the Pope entered and took his seat at the top of the room, the whole company of them knelt in their places, turning towards him; and on his hand being extended in benediction, they all rose again and resealed themselves.

'The splendid garments of the Pope were then taken off; and clad in a white linen robe which he had on under the others, and wearing the bishop's mitre instead of the tiara, he approached the pilgrims, took from an attendant Cardinal a silver bucket of water, knelt before the first of them, immersed one foot in the water, put water over it with his hand, and touched it with a square fringed cloth; kissed the leg, and gave the cloth, and a sort of white flower, or feather, to the man; then went on to the next. The whole ceremony was over, I think, in less than two minutes, so rapidly was this act of humility gone through. From thence the Pope returned to his throne, put on his robes of white and silver again, and proceeded to the Sala di Ta-

vola: the thirteen Priests were seated in a row at the table, which was spread with a variety of dishes, and adorned with a profusion of flowers. The Pope gave the blessing, and walking along the side of the table opposite to them, handed each of them bread, then plates, and, lastly, cups of wine. They regularly all rose up to receive what he presented; and the Pope having gone through the forms of service, and given them his parting benediction, left them to finish their dinner in peace. They carry away what they cannot eat, and receive a small present in money besides.'—(*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, vol. iii, p. 139.)

In the forenoon of this day, the *effigy of our Saviour* is laid in the sepulchre in many of the churches at Rome, and remains there till Saturday at mid-day, when he is supposed to rise from the grave, amidst the firing of cannon, blowing of trumpets, and ringing of bells, which have been carefully tied up ever since the dawn of Holy Thursday, to protect them from satanic influence. During these two days and nights, hundreds, clad in deep mourning, are continually kneeling in silence the most profound, and in devotion the most fervent, around the illuminated sepulchre of their crucified Redeemer, over which they weep in anguish of spirit.

APRIL 5.—GOOD FRIDAY.

The drama of the *Tre Ore*, or three hours of Christ's agony upon the cross, is performed in several of the churches at Rome, on this day, and generally lasts from twelve o'clock till three. The ingenious author of '*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*' witnessed this ceremony as it was performed in 1817, in the church of S. Andrea delle Tratte, and thus describes it:—'The upper part of the church is arranged like a theatre, with painted trees, and pasteboard rocks and thickets, representing Mount Calvary. A little way down, two Roman centurions, large as life, dressed in military uniforms, and mounted on pasteboard horses, flourish their pasteboard swords. Higher up on the mount, on three crucifixes, are nailed the figures of Christ and the

two thieves; so correctly imitating life, or rather death, as to be taken for wax work. Catholics say, Christ spoke seven times upon the cross,* and at every saying a dagger entered the heart of the Virgin, who is therefore painted with seven daggers sticking in her breast, and adored as '*Nostra Signora de' sette dolori*'—Our Lady of the seven Sorrows. The service of the *Tre Ore* is therefore divided into seven acts, between each of which there is a hymn. In every act, one of the seven set dissertations, upon the '*sette parole*' of Christ, is read—or begun to be read—by a priest, who goes on until his lecture is interrupted by the preacher, who breaks in upon it at whatever part he pleases with a sermon (as they call it), or rather a tirade, of his own, which seems to be extempore, but which is previously learnt by rote. These dissertations drawing to a close, and the three hours having nearly expired, '*Ecco il momento*' cried the priest, and every body sank prostrate on the ground in tears; and sobs, and groans, and cries, and one loud burst of agony filled the church—'*Ecco il momento! Già spira Gesù Cristo!—Già muore il nostro Redentore!—Già finisce di vivere il nostro Padre!*'—(The moment is come! Now Jesus Christ expires! Now our Redeemer dies! Now our Father ceases to live!)

At length the preacher cried, 'Here they come—the holy men—to bear the body of our Redeemer to the sepulchre;' and from the side of the scene issued forth a band of friars, clad in black, with white scarfs tied across them, and gradually climbing Mount Calvary

by a winding path among the rocks and bushes, reaching the foot of the cross unmolested by the paper centurions. But when they began to un-nail the body, it is utterly impossible to describe the shrieks, and cries, and clamours of grief, that burst from the people. At the unloosening of every nail, they were renewed with fresh vehemence, and the sobs and tears of the men were almost as copious as those of the women.—Five prayers, separately addressed to the five wounds of Christ—first, the wound in the left foot, then that of the right foot, and so of the two hands, and, lastly, of the side, were next repeated. They were nearly the same, and all began, '*Vi adora, piaga Santissima*'—(I adore you, most holy wound.) The body of Christ being laid on a bier, decked with artificial flowers, and covered with a transparent veil, was brought down Mount Calvary by the holy men,—as the preacher called them,—who deposited it on the front of the stage, where all the people thronged to kiss the toe through the veil, and weep over it.† The congregation consisted of all ranks, from the prince to the beggar, but there was a preponderance of the higher classes.‡

APRIL 6.—EASTER EVE.

Particular mortifications were enjoined to the earliest Christians on this day. From the third century, the fast was indispensable and rigid, being protracted always to midnight, sometimes to cock-crowing, and sometimes to the dawn of Easter-day; and the whole of the day and night was employed in religious affairs.

On the day preceding Easter Sunday, it is the annual practice at Rome

* The seven sayings of Christ are as follow:

- 1st. 'Father! forgive them, for they know not what they do!'
- 2d. (To the good thief.) 'To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.'
- 3d. (To the Virgin-Mary,) { 'Woman! behold thy son!'
(and to the apostle John.) { 'Son! behold thy mother!'
- 4th. 'My God! my God! why hast thou abandoned me!'
- 5th. 'I thirst.'
- 6th. 'It is finished.'
- 7th. 'Father! into thy hands I commend my spirit!'

† The body was made of pasteboard, extremely well painted for effect; it had real hair on the head, and it was so well executed, that even when closely viewed, it was marked with the agony of nature, and seemed to have recently expired.

‡ See '*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*,' vol. iii, pp. 146-152; particularly pp. 148-149, for some specimens of the very extraordinary eloquence used by the priest on this occasion.

to procure two or more Jews, or Turks,* to convert them to Christianity, and confer on them the rite of Baptism. The ceremony is thus described by a lively, and, we believe, accurate narrator of the religious ceremonies, manners, and customs, of the modern Romans, whom we have before quoted in our account of the Holy Week. 'The two devoted Israelites prepared for this occasion, attired in dirty yellow silk gowns, were seated on a bench within the marble font of the Baptistery, which resembles a large bath, both in form and shape, conning their prayers out of a book with most rueful visages. Fast to their sides stuck their destined god-fathers, two black-robed doctors of divinity, as if to guard and secure their spiritual captives. The antient vase at the bottom of the font, in which, according to an absurd legend, Constantine was healed of his leprosy by St. Sylvester, stood before them filled with water, and its margin adorned with flowers.

The Cardinal Bishop, who had been employed ever since six o'clock in the benediction of fire, water, oil, wax, and flowers; now appeared, followed by a long procession of priests and crucifixes. He descended into the font, repeated a great many prayers in Latin over the water, occasionally dipping his hand into it. Then a huge flaming wax taper, about six feet high, and of proportionate thickness, painted with images of the Virgin and Christ, which had previously been blessed, was set upright in the vase; more Latin prayers were mumbled—one of the Jews was brought, the Bishop cut the sign of the cross in the hair, at the crown of his head, then, with a silver ladle, poured some of the water upon the part, baptizing him in the usual forms, both the godfathers and he having agreed to all that was required of them. The second Jew was then brought, upon whom the same ceremonies were performed; this poor little fellow wore a wig, and, when the cold water was poured on his bare

skull, he winced exceedingly, and made many wry faces. They were then conveyed to the altar of the neighbouring chapel, where they were confirmed, and repeated the creed. The Bishop then made the sign of the cross upon their foreheads, with holy oil, over which white fillets were immediately tied to secure it; he then pronounced a long exhortation, in the course of which he frightened them so that the little Jew with a wig began to cry most bitterly, and would not be comforted. This being over, the Jews were conducted, with great ceremony, from the Baptistery to the door of the church, where they stopped, and after some chaunting by the Bishop, they were allowed to pass the threshold; they were then seated within the very pale of the altar, in order that they might witness a succession of various ceremonies.—(*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, vol. iii, p. 155.)

At twelve o'clock on this day, the *Resurrection* is announced to the people by the ringing of the bells of more than *three hundred* churches at once; the firing of cannon from the castle of St. Angelo; the blowing of horns and trumpets, the clang of kettle-drums, and every species of tumult. During the days in which the bells are tied up (from Holy Thursday to Saturday at noon,) the hours on which they are usually rung for prayers, viz. six in the morning, three in the afternoon, and at sunset, are announced by a little wooden machine, called *tric-trac*, making a sound similar to its name, but very noisy, with which some of the inferior clergy run about the churches at the proper times. Though the resurrection takes place on Saturday at noon, the fast is not over till midnight, at which time most good Catholics eat *gras*,—that is an enormous supper of fish, flesh, and fowl. A total abstinence from food, during the two previous days, is still practised by many, but the feasting is now more universal than the fasting. The priests are very actively employed, at Easter, in run-

* * Turks are preferred, when they are to be had, but they are very rare. Eighty Roman crowns each are paid to the Jews, and all debts due to their brethren are cancelled.

ning in and out of every house, blessing it with holy water. Every Italian must at this time confess, and receive the communion.

APRIL 7.—EASTER SUNDAY.

On Easter Sunday, the grandest Catholic festival of the year, the church puts forth all her pomp and splendour, which are seen to the greatest advantage in the noble church of St. Peter's at Rome. The Pope assists at high mass, and there is a very grand procession, which, as it took place in the year 1818, is well described by the indefatigable author before quoted with approbation. 'The church,' says our observer,* 'was lined with the *Guarda Nobile*, in their splendid uniforms of gold and scarlet and nodding plumes of white ostrich feathers, and the Swiss guards, with their polished cuirasses and steel helmets. The great centre aisle was kept clear by a double wall of armed men, for the grand procession, the approach of which, after much expectation, was proclaimed by the sound of a trumpet from the farther end of the church. A long band of priests advanced, loaded with still augmenting magnificence, as they ascended to the higher orders. Cloth of gold, and embroidery of gold and silver, and crimson velvet, and mantles of spotted ermine, and flowing trains, and attendant train-bearers, and mitres and crucifixes glittering with jewels, and priests and patriarchs, and bishops and cardinals, dazzled the astonished eye, and filled the whole length of St. Peter's. Lastly, came the Pope, in his crimson chair of state (*sedia gestatoria*), borne on the shoulders of twenty *Palfrenierie*, arrayed in robes of white, and wearing the tiara, or triple crown of the conjoined Trinity, with a canopy of cloth of silver floating over his head; and preceded by two men, carrying enormous fans, composed of large plumes of ostrich feathers, mounted on long gilded wands. He stopped to pay his adorations to the miraculous Madonna in her chapel, about half way up; and this duty, which he

never omits, being performed, he was slowly borne past the High Altar, liberally giving his benediction with the twirl of the three fingers as he passed.

'They then set him down on a magnificent stool, in front of the altar, on which he knelt, and his crown being taken off, and the Cardinals taking off their little red skull-caps, and all kneeling in a row, he was supposed to pray. Having remained a few minutes in this attitude, they took him to the chair prepared for him, on the right of the throne. There he read, or seemed to read, something out of a book, and then he was again taken to the altar, on which his tiara was placed; and, bare-headed, he repeated—or, as by courtesy, they call it, sang—a small part of the service, threw up clouds of incense, and was removed to the crimson-canopied throne; and high mass was celebrated by a cardinal and two bishops, at which he assisted. During the whole of the service, it was observed that the only part of the congregation who were in the least attentive, were the small body of English, whom curiosity, and perhaps a sense of decorum, rendered so. All the Italians seemed to consider it quite as much of a pageant as ourselves, but neither a new nor an interesting one; and they were walking about, and talking, and interchanging pinches of snuff with each other, exactly as if it had been a place of amusement,—till the tinkling of a little bell, which announced the elevation of the Host, changed the scene. Every knee was now bent to the earth, every voice was hushed; the reversed arms of the military rung with an instantaneous clang on the marble pavement, as they sank on the ground, and all was still as death. This did not last above two minutes. The Host was swallowed, and so began and ended the only thing that bore even the smallest outward aspect of religion. The military now poured out of St. Peter's, and formed an extensive ring before its spacious front, behind which the horse guards were drawn up, and an immense number of

* Rome in the Nineteenth Century, vol. iii. p. 163.

carriages, filled with splendidly dressed women, and thousands of people on foot, were assembled. But the multitude almost shrunk into insignificance in the vast area of the piazza; and neither piety nor curiosity had collected together sufficient numbers to fill it. The tops of the colonades all round were, however, thronged with spectators; and it was a curious sight to see such a mixture of all ranks and nations,—from the coronetted heads of kings to the poor cripple who crawled along the pavement,—assembled together to await the blessing of an old man, their fellow mortal, now tottering on the brink of the grave. Not the least picturesque figures among the throng, were the *Contadini*, who, in every variety of curious costume, had flocked in from their distant mountain villages, to receive the blessing of the Holy Father, and whose bright and eager countenances, shaded by their long dark hair, were turned to the balcony where the Pope was to appear. At length the two white ostrich-feather fans, the forerunners of his approach, were seen; and he was borne forward on his throne, above the shoulders of

the Cardinals and Bishops, who filled the balcony. After an audible prayer he arose, and, elevating his hands to heaven, invoked a solemn benediction upon the assembled multitude, and the people committed to his charge. Every head was uncovered; the soldiers, and many of the spectators, sunk on their knees on the pavement to receive the blessing. That blessing was given with impressive solemnity, but with little gesture or parade. Immediately the thundering of cannon from the castle St. Angelo, and the peal of bells from St. Peter's, proclaimed the joyful tidings to the skies. The Pope was borne out, and the people rose from their knees.

The Pope's benediction this day, the Italians say, extends all over the world, but on Thursday it only goes to the gates of Rome. On Thursday, too, previously to the benediction, one of the Cardinals curses all Jews, Turks, and heretics, 'by bell, book, and candle.' The little bell is rung, the curse is sung from the book, and the lighted taper thrown down among the people. The Pope's benediction immediately follows upon all true believers.

(English Magazines, December and January.)

MILES COLVINE, THE CUMBERLAND MARINER.

ON the English side of the sea of Solway lies a long line of flat and unelevated coast, where the sea-fowl find refuge from the gun of the fowler, and which, save the headland and the deep sea, presents but one object of attraction, namely, the cottage of Miles Colvine, the Cumberland mariner. The owner of this rude dwelling, once a seaman, a soldier, a scholar, and a gentleman, was shipwrecked on the coast about thirty years ago, and was the only living soul that escaped from the fatal storm. The vessel was from a foreign land, and something mysterious always hung over her fate and the destiny of her crew. The conduct of Miles Colvine was less likely to remove than confirm suspicion. He heard all enquiries concerning the ship and the

crew in perfect tranquillity and silence, and once only he deigned to answer, when a shepherd asked, "was it the blood of beasts I saw upon the deck?"—"No, it was the blood of men." From this time forward, no farther intercourse was courted by the peasantry, and he was allowed to construct a small hut, fence it round with a wall of loose stone, and occupy it, without any molestation. He seemed anxious to shun all intercourse with human beings, and sought and found his subsistence in the sea; for it was the common remark of the Allan bay fishermen that no man dipped a hook, or wetted a net, between Skinverness and Saint Bees, with greater skill and success. In this solitude, exposed to every storm that swept the beach from sea or land, amid

much seeming wretchedness and privation, he resided during a summer and autumn : winter, a season of great severity on an unsheltered coast, was expected either to destroy or drive him from his abode, but he braved every storm, and resisted all offers of food or raiment.

The first winter of his abode was one of prodigious storm and infinite hardship. The snow lay long and deep on the ground, the ice was thick, on lake and pool, and the Solway presented one continual scene of commotion and distress. The shore was covered with the wrecks of ships, the eddies choaked with drowned men, and the sea itself so rough and boisterous that the fishermen suspended their customary labours, and sat with their families at the hearth-fire, listening to the sounding of the surge, and relating tales of maritime disaster and shipwreck. But on Miles Colvine the severe and continued storm seemed to have no influence. He ranged the shore, collecting for his fire the wrecks of ships : he committed his nets and hooks to the sea with his usual skill ; and having found a drifted boat, which belonged to some unfortunate vessel, he obtained command over the element most congenial to his heart, and wandered about on the bosom of the waters noon and night, more like a troubled spirit than a human being. When the severity of winter had passed away, and sea-birds laid their eggs in the sand, the mariner remitted his excursions at sea, and commenced a labour which surprised many. The sea shore, or that portion of the coast which lies between the margin of the sea and the cultivated land, a region of shells, and drift sand, and pebbles, has ever been regarded as a kind of common, and the right of suspending nets, hawling boats aground, and constructing huts for the summer residence of the fishermen, has never been disputed by the natural lord of those thriftless domains. It was on this debateable ground, between the barren sea and the cultivated field, that the mariner fixed his abode ; but it soon appeared that he wished to extend his possessions, and augment his

household accommodation. He constructed a larger and more substantial house, with equal attention to durability and neatness ; he fenced off the sea by a barrier of large stones, and scattered around his dwelling a few of the common flowers which love to blossom near the sea breeze. The smoke of his chimney, and the unremitting clank of his hammer finishing the interior accommodations, were seen and heard from afar. When all this was concluded he launched his boat and took to the sea again, and became known from the Mull of Galloway to the foot of Annan-water.

I remember the first time that ever I saw him was in the market-place of Dumfries : his beard seemed of more than a year's growth, his clothes, once rich and fine, were darned and patched, and over the whole he wore a kind of boat-cloak, which, fastened round his neck, descended nigh the ground ; but all this penury could not conceal the step and air of other and better days. He seldom looked in the face of any one ; man he seemed to regard with an eye of scorn, and even deadly hatred ; but on women he looked with softness and regard, and when he happened to meet a mother and child he gazed on them with something of settled sorrow and affection. He once made a full stop, and gazed on a beautiful girl of four or five years old, who was gathering primroses on the margin of the Nith ; the child, alarmed at his uncouth appearance, shrieked and fell in its fright into the deep stream ; the mariner made but one spring from the bank into the river,—saved the child, replaced it in its mother's bosom, and resumed his journey, apparently unconscious that he had done aught remarkable. Ever after this the children of Dumfries pursued him with the hue and cry, "Eh ! come and see the wild bearded man, who saved Mary Lawson." On another occasion, I was hunting on the Scottish mountain of Criffel, and having reached its summit I sat down to look around on the prospect of sea and land below me, and take some refreshment. At a little distance I saw somewhat like the fig-

ure of a human being, bedded in the heath, and lying looking on the Solway from a projecting rock, so still and motionless that he seemed dead. I went near; it was Miles Colvine: he seemed unconscious of my approach, and, looking stedfastly on the sea, remained fixed, and muttering, as long as I continued on the mountain. Indeed, wherever he went he talked more like a man holding communion with his own mind, than one sharing his thoughts with others, and the general purport of such imperfect sentences as could be heard was that he had vowed many men should perish for some irreparable wrong they had offered to a lady. Sometimes he spoke of the lady as his wife, or his love, and the men he had doomed to destruction as the lawless crew of his own vessel. At other times he addressed his seamen as spirits whom he had sent to be tortured for wrongs done in the body, and his lady as an angel that still visited his daily dreams and his nightly visions. Thro' the whole the cry of revenge, and the sense of deep injury, were heard and understood by all.

When Miles Colvine had fairly finished his new residence, and the flowers and fruits had returned to field and tree, he was observed to launch his boat: this was a common occurrence, but a small lair of sheep-skins, a jar of water, and some dried fish, called kippered salmon by the Scotch, looked like preparation for a long journey. The journey was begun, for he was seen scudding away southward, by the light of the stars, and no more was seen or heard of him for some time. Day after day his door continued shut, his chimney ceased to smoke, and his nets hung unemployed. At length the revenue cutter from Saint Bees arrived at Allanbay, to land a cargo of fine Hollands which the officers had taken from an Irish smuggler, between Carrickfergus and the Isle of Man. They had been terribly alarmed, they said, on their way, by the appearance, about the third watch of the night, of a visionary boat navigated by a bearded fiend, which scudded with supernatural swiftness along the surface of the wa-

ter. This tale, with all the variations which a poetical peasantry readily supply, found its way from cottage to hamlet, and from hamlet to hall. Old men shook their heads, and talked of the exploits of the great fiend by sea and land, and wished that good might happen to Old England from the visit of such a circumnavigator. Others, who were willing to believe that the apparition was Miles Colvine on a coasting voyage, seemed no less ready to confound the maritime recluse with an evil being who had murdered a whole ship's crew, sunk their ship, and dwelt on the coast of "cannie Cumberland," for the express purpose of raising storms, shaking corn, and making unwedded mothers of half the fair damsels between Sarkfoot and Saint Bees. Several misfortunes of the latter kind, which happened about this time, confirmed this suspicion, and his departure from the coast was as welcome as rain to the farmer after a long drought.

About a fortnight after this event, I happened to be on a moonlight excursion by water, as far as the ruined castle of Comlongan. I was accompanied by an idle friend or two, and, on our return we allowed the receding tide to carry us along the Cumberland coast, till we came nearly opposite the cottage of Miles Colvine. As we directed our boat to the shelter of a small bank, I observed a light glimmering in the mariner's house, and landing and approaching closer, I saw plainly the shadows of two persons, one tall and manly, the other slim and sylphlike, passing and repassing on the wall. I soon obtained a fairer view. I saw the mariner himself, his dress once rude and sordid was replaced by one of the coarsest materials, but remarkably clean, his beard was removed, and his hair, once matted and wild, now hung orderly about his neck and temples. The natural colour was black, but snow-white locks now predominated; his look was hale, but sorrowful, and he seemed about forty years of age. The figure of the creature that accompanied him was much too tender and beautiful to last long in a situation so rude and unprotected as

the cottage of a fisherman. It was a female, richly dressed, and of a beauty so exquisite, and a look so full of sweetness and grace, that the rude scene around was not wanted to exalt her above all other maidens I had ever seen. She glided about the cottage, arranging the various articles of furniture, and passing two white hands, out-rivalling the fairest creations of the sculptor, over the rude chairs and tables, and every moment giving a glance at the mariner, like one who took delight in pleasing him, and seemed to work for his sake. And he was pleased. I saw him smile, and no one had ever seen him smile before ; he passed his hand over the long clustering tresses of the maiden ; caused her to sit down beside him, and looked on her face, which outgrowing the child had not yet grown into woman, with a look of affection, and reverence and joy.

I was pondering on what I witnessed, and imagining an interview with the unhappy mariner and his beautiful child, for such his companion was, when I observed the latter take out a small musical instrument from a chest, and touching its well-ordered strings with a light and a ready hand, she played several of the simple and plaintive airs so common among the peasantry of the Scottish and English coasts. After a pause she resumed her instrument, and, to an air singularly wild and melancholy, sang the following ballad, which relates to the story of her father's and mother's misfortunes ; but the minstrel has observed a mystery in his narrative which excites suspicion rather than gratifies curiosity.

O MARINER, O MARINER.

O mariner, O mariner,
When will our gallant men
Make our cliffs and woodlands ring
With their homeward hail agen ;
Full fifteen paced the stately deck,
And fifteen stood below,
And maidens waved them from the shore,
With hands more white than snow ;
All underneath them flash'd the wave,
The sun laugh'd out aboon,
Will they come bounding homeward,
By the waning of yon moon ?

2.

O maid. the moon shines lovely down,
The stars all brightly burn,
And they may shine till doomsday comes,
Ere your true love return ;
O'er his white forehead roll the waves,
The wind sighs lone and low,
And the cry the sea-fowl uttereth
Is one of wail and woe ;
So wail they on, I tell thee, maid,
One of thy tresses dark
Is worth all the souls who perish'd
In that good and gallant bark.

3.

O mariner, O mariner,
It's whispered in the hall,
And sung upon the mountain side
Among our maidens all,
That the waves which fill the measure
Of that wide and fatal flood,
Cannot cleanse the decks of thy good ship
Or wash thy hands from blood ;
And sailors meet, and shake their heads,
And ere they sunder say,
God keep us from Miles Colvine,
On the the wide and watery way.

4.

And up then spoke he, Miles Colvine,
His thigh thus smiting soon,
By all that's dark aneath the deep,
By all that's bright aboon,
By all that's blessed on the earth,
Or blessed on the flood,
And by my sharp and stalwart blade
That revel'd in their blood—
I could not spare them ; for there came
My loved one's spirit nigh,
With a shriek of joy at every stroke
That doom'd her foes to die.

5.

"O mariner, O mariner,
There was a lovely dame,
Went down with thee unto the deep,
And left her father's hame"—
His dark eyes like a thunder cloud
Did rain and lighten fast,
And, oh, his bold and martial face
All grimly grew and ghaist :
I loved her, and those evil men
Wrong'd her as far we ranged ;
But were ever woman's woes or wrongs
More fearfully avenged ?

The ballad had proceeded thus far, when a band of smugglers from the coasts of Ireland and Scotland, uniting the reckless desperation of the former with the craft and tact of the latter, attracted by the secure and naked coast, and perhaps by the lonely house, which presented hope of plunder with little appearance of resistance, landed to the number of seven, and leaping over the

exterior wall, seized the door and shook it violently, calling loudly for admittance. I lay down with my two companions behind a small hedge of furze, to see the issue of this visit, for at that time I imagined the mariner maintained some mysterious correspondence with these fierce and lawless men. "Open the door," said one, in a strong Irish accent, "or by the powers I'll blow your cabin to peelings of potatoes about your ears, my darlings."—"Hout, Patrick, or what's your name," said one of his comrades in Lowland Scotch, "ye mauna gang that rough way to wark, we maun speak kindly and canilie, man, till we get in our hand, and then we can take it a' our ain way, like Willie Wilson's sow, when she ran off with the knife in her neck." The mariner, on hearing this dialogue, prepared himself for resistance, like one perfectly well acquainted with such rencounters. With a sword in one hand, a cocked pistol in the other, and a brace in his belt, he posted himself behind the door, and in a low voice admonished his daughter to retire to a little chamber constructed for her accommodation. With a voice which, though quivering with emotion, lost nothing of its native sweetness, the young maiden answered, "Oh let me be near you?—let me but be near you?"—Her low and gentle voice was drowned in the wild exclamations of one of the smugglers. "Och, my dears, let us break the door, and clap a red turf to the roof, and all to give me light to see to kiss this maiden with the sweet voice. I have not been within seven acres broad of a woman since we sailed with Miles Colvine's lady.—And by the bagpiper she was a bouncer, and a pretty din she made about it after all, and took it into her head to shriek till the shores rang, and pray till the saints grew deaf; ah, my hearties, it would'nt do.—What the devil holds this door? stand by till I show you how handsomely I'll pitch it against the wall;" and setting his shoulders to the door, he thrust with all his might, and though seconded by his comrades, who seemed all alike eager for violence, the door resisted his utmost efforts. "Stand

back, my darlings," said the miscreant, "I'll show you a trick worth two of this; I'll teach you how we bring out a bonnie lass from a bolted chamber in little Ireland;" so saying, he proceeded to prime a pistol, having previously hammered the flint with a little steel cross, curiously chased and ornamented, which he took from his bosom. "Now, come on, my early boys—my souls of boys; the boy that wont do as I do deserves to be whipped through Purgatory." In a moment the door opened, Miles Colvine stood on the threshold, a cocked pistol in his right hand, his sword gleaming in his left, his eyes shooting from them a fierce dark light, but his manner perfectly calm and collected. Behind him came the beautiful form of his daughter, with a bent pistol in her hand, and shuddering, from head to foot at the immediate peril which seemed to beset her father. These maritime desperadoes started back at this sudden apparition of an armed man, and even their miscreant leader, forward as he was, recoiled a pace or two. The mariner eyed him for a moment, and said, "Did my sword then do its work slovenly, and did the deep sea not devour thee, thou immeasurable villain? but God has given thee back to earth, to become a warning how sure and how certain just vengeance is." And leaping on him as he spoke, I saw the pistol flash, and the gleam of the descending sword, in almost the same instant. I instantly started up with my companions, and the smugglers, perceiving this sudden reinforcement, carried off their companion, groaning, and cursing, and praying; and pushing their boat from the shore, vanished along the misty bosom of the summer sea.

I found Miles Colvine standing on the threshold of his house, and his daughter on her knees beside him. He knew me, for we had often passed each other on the beach and on the sea, and he was aware that I was a friend, for I had endeavoured in vain to oblige him in his forlorn state with little acts of kindness. "Come hither, sir," said the mariner, "I have to thank you for aid this night." He paused for a mo-

ment, and then said, in a lower tone, "I know your faith is not my faith, and that your life is not embittered with what has embittered mine. But tell me, sir, tell me, do you believe that the events of our life are ordained, for what hath happened to night seems of a wise Being's ordering." "Surely, sir," I said, "God knoweth all things, present and to come, but whether he permits evil deeds to be wrought or ordains good ones to be done"—"Enough, enough," said the mariner, "May Colvine, my love, trim thy father's shealing, and set the supper-table in array, for it is ordained that our deliverers shall rest with us, and break bread at our board; so come in, Francis Forster." And into the mariner's cottage we walked, not unawed by the presence of a being of whose temper and courage we had seen such a proof.

If the exterior of the cottage was rude and unskilfully built, the interior was wonderfully commodious and neat. The floor was laid of drifted ship timber, and the walls were hung with nets as with tapestry, and fish-spears and gaff-hooks of steel, sharp and bright, were grouped like weapons for battle in a chieftain's hall of old. The fruits of the fisherman's skill were every where visible; the chimney-mantle, a beam of wood which extended from side to side of the cottage, was covered with kippered salmon, large, and red, and savoury, and various kegs were filled with salted fish of the many excellent kinds which the Solway affords. A small bed stood near the chimney, swelled with the feathers of sea-fowl, and hillocked high with quilts and mantles, from beneath which some linen looked out, only rivalled in whiteness by the snow. A very small chamber was constructed at the farther end, into which May Colvine disappeared for a moment to re-adjust her dress, and, perhaps, add some other of those artificial attractions which women always bring in to the aid of their natural charms. The mariner seated himself, motioned me to a seat, over which a sheepskin was thrown, while a lamp, fed plentifully with oil, and suspended from the roof, diffused light over the

apartment. Nor was the place devoted to brute comfort alone: some books, among which I observed Robinson Crusoe, and Homer's *Odyssey* in Greek, with a curious collection of northern legendary ballads, were scattered about, and a shepherd's pipe and a fiddle were there to bring music to assist in the dissipation of melancholy thought. May Colvine now came forth from her little chamber, with an increase of loveliness, such as a rose appears when refreshed in dew. She had laid aside the snood of silk and pearl which enclosed her hair, and the curling luxuriance of her ringlets descended over her shoulders, while her white temples, and whiter neck, were seen through the waving fleece which fell so profusely over them. Her father gazed on her like one who recalls the lovely past in the beautiful present, and his thoughts had flitted to other days and remoter climes, for after a brief reverie he said, "Come, my love, the vessel is ready, the mariners aboard, the sails spread to the wind, and we must pass the haunted headland before the moon goes down." The maiden meanwhile had filled the supper board with such coarse fare as the cabin afforded, and addressing her father said, "Sir, the table is prepared, your guests are waiting, and will expect you to bless the fare which is set before them." The mariner laid his hat aside, and sitting in his place, after the manner of the Presbyterians, said—"Thou who spreadest thy table on the deep waters, and rainest down abundance in the desert places, make this coarse food seem savoury and delicate unto these three men and this tender virgin,—but my hands, on which the blood of man yet reeks unatoned for, may not presume to touch blessed food." And spreading the fold of his mantle over his face, and stooping down, he appeared to busy himself in mental devotion, while, tasting the supper set before us, and obeying the mute invitation of the maiden to a glass of water, we complied with all the forms which this extraordinary audience seemed to impose upon us. After this was past, the young woman took up one of the instruments, and singing as she played,

with inexpressible sweetness and grace, her father gradually uncovered his face, his looks began to brighten, and uttering a deep sigh, he waved his hand, the minstrelsy ceased, and he thus addressed us :

“ I was not always an unhappy man—I had fair domains, a stately house, a beauteous wife, and a sweet daughter : but it is not what we have, but what we enjoy, that blesseth man’s heart, and makes him as one of the angels. I dwelt on a wild seacoast, full of woods and caverns, the haunt of a banditti of smugglers, those fierce, and vulgar, and intractable spirits, who find subsistence in fraud and violence, and from a continued perseverance in hostility to human law, become daily more hardened of heart and fierce of nature. I was young then, and romantic, and though I did not approve of the course of these men’s lives, there appeared glimpses of generosity, and courage, and fortitude, about them, which shed a halo over a life of immorality and crime. I protected them not, neither did I associate with them : but they soon saw in the passive manner in which I regarded their nocturnal intercourse with the coast, and the ready and delighted ear which I lent to the narratives of their adventures by sea and land, that they had nothing to fear and much to hope. Their confidence increased, and their numbers augmented, and they soon found a leader capable of giving an aim to all their movements, and who brought something like regular craft and ability to their counsels.

I was reputed rich, and was rich ; my treasures were mostly of gold and silver plate, and bars of the former metal, the gain of a relative who had shared with the Buccaneers in the plunder of Panama. I had also been wedded for a number of years, my wife was young and beautiful, and our daughter, an only child, my own May Colvine, here where she sits, was in her thirteenth year, with a frame that seemed much to delicate to survive the disasters she has since been doomed to meet. We were counselled to carry her to warmer climates, and were pre-

paring for our voyage, and my wife was ready to accompany me, when a large smuggling cutter cast anchor in a deep woody bay which belonged to my estate, and as I sat on the top of my house, looking towards the sea, a person in a naval dress came and accosted me. He was, he said, the captain of the Free trader lying in the bay, with a cargo of choice wine, and his mariners were bold lads and true, had periled themselves freely by land and water, and often experienced the protection of Miles Colvine’s bay, and the hospitality of his menials. They had heard of my intention to carry my wife and daughter to a more genial climate, and, if we wished to touch at Lisbon, or to go to any of the islands where Europeans seek for health, they would give us a passage, for they honoured us next to commerce without law or restraint. But I must tell you, that the chief of this band, knowing my love for marvellous tales, hinted, that he had men on board, who, to the traditionary lore of their maritime ancestors, added their own adventures and deeds ; and could, with the romantic ballads of Denmark and Sweden, mingle the Troubadour tales of France, the Moorish legends of Spain, and the singular narratives which survive among the peasantry on my native coast. To soothe and propitiate my wife he had recourse to another charm ; from the pocket of a long boat-cloak he produced a mantle of the most precious fabric, and spreading it out before her, with all its rich variety of colour, and Eastern profusion of ornament, offered it as an humble present from himself and his mariners. I need not prolong this part of my narrative, we embarked at twilight, and standing out of the bay, dropped anchor till morning dawn. The captain sat armed beside us ; this excited no suspicion, for he went commonly armed, and related adventures of a trying and remarkable kind which had befallen him on foreign shores, with a liveliness, and a kind of maritonic grace, which were perfectly captivating. All night we heard overhead the tramp and the din of sailors passing and repassing, and with the grey of

the morning we plucked up our anchor, spread our sails to a shrill wind, shot away seaward, and my native land vanished from my view. All was life and gladness, we danced and we sang on deck, and drained cups of the purest wine; while the breeze favoured us, and the sky remained unclouded and serene.

In about fifteen days the spice groves of one of the Portuguese islands appeared before us, and as the sun was setting, it was resolved we should remain at the entrance of a bay till daylight. We were crowded on the deck, looking on the green and beauteous land, and a gentle seaward wind wafted the perfume of the forest about us. My wife was then in the bloom of youth and beauty, full of health, and life, and love; and as she stood leaning on my arm, the sailors smoothed their rough looks, and refrained from curses, so much were they touched by her beauty; but this awe lasted but a little while. The captain was merry far beyond his usual measure of delight, and drained one wine cup after another to my wife's health and mine; he vowed I was as a god among his men, and that my wife was revered as a divinity. 'But come,' said he, 'Miles Colvine, I have a curious and a cunning thing to show you, which you alone deserve to see; I got it among the Moors, so come, and come alone.'—I rose and followed him, for my curiosity was unbounded; he conducted me below, and opening a small wicket in the wall of his cabin with a key, ushered me in, and closing it suddenly upon me, locked it, and then I heard him bounding up the stair to the deck. I stood half imagining this to be a jest, or something, at least, of a light nature; but shriek after shriek of my wife, uttered in the piercing agony of anguish and despair, soon undeceived me. I called, I entreated, I used force, and though I was armed by anger and despair, with almost supernatural might, the door withstood all my efforts. But why should I dwell upon a scene of such unutterable misery? What I endured, and what the woman I loved and adored suffered, are fit only to be imagined, not, surely, to be spoken.

Her wrongs were remembered, and her shrieks numbered by a POWER far more terrible than man, and a certain doom and deplorable death was pronounced against them, at the moment their joy was fullest.

The evening passed away, and morning came, and through a little wicket which looked upon the sea, the light showed me that my chamber was the treasure-room of the pirates, for such they were, as well as smugglers; at the same moment a hole opened above, and a piece of bread and an antique silver cup filled with wine, were lowered down. Amid the misery of my situation it seemed but a light evil that I recognized the silver vessel to be part of the treasure I had left at home, and in seeking for a weapon to force the wicket I found that my whole riches, in gold as well as silver, had been seized and put on board. I could now measure the extent of my calamity, and prepared myself for a fate, which, among such miscreants, could not be deemed far distant. The morning was not much advanced when the sun dipped at once into a dark and tempestuous ocean of clouds, the wind began to whistle shriller and shriller among our sails, and the sea, upturned by sudden and heavy gusts of wind, showed as far as the eye could reach, the dark and tremendous furrows so fatal to mariners. The wind was from the land, and I could both see and feel that the vessel was unable to gain the harbour, and had sought security from the approaching tempest by standing out to sea. I heard the wind wax louder, and saw the billows roll, with a joy that arises from the hope of revenge: the sky became darker, the sea flashed over the decks, and the tempest hurried the ship onward with a rapidity which alarmed the sailors, accustomed as they were to the element. The seams of the vessel began to admit the sea, and every where symptoms appeared of her immediate destruction.

I heard a conversation over head I shall never forget. "I tell you," said a voice in lowland Scotch, "good can never come of such evil as your captain and you have wrought; had you taken Miles Colvine's gold and sil-

ver alone the sin had been but small, and a grey-headed repentance might have mended all. But the bonnie lady! her voice has been heard to-day, and tremble all you that touched her sweet body, for here has come an avenging tempest. The sea will soon devour us, and the mother who bore, and the wife who loved me, and the bonnie babes I have nursed on my knee, will behold me no more; and all for being in company with such hell-hounds as you." A voice replied to all this, in a tone too low and suppressed to be audible; and the Scotchman answered again. "Lo, look, did ever eyes behold such a sight, all around us the sea is smooth as glass, and other ships pass by us under a gentle breeze, without a wetted sail, but we! the anger of heaven has found us, for on us the thick tempest beats, and the evil-one is pursuing us to destruction. O thou villain—captain, shall I call thee no more—and you!—you fifteen wretches, who shared with him in his crime, make you ready, for that storm will neither leave you, nor forsake you, till you are buried in the ocean." At the very moment when ruin seemed inevitable the tempest ceased, the clouds passed away, and the descending sun shone brightly down, making the shoreless waters sparkle as far as the eye could reach. No bounds were now set to the joy of the crew; they crowded the deck, made a circle round several vessels of wine and baskets of biscuit, and before the twilight had passed away a few only were capable of guiding the vessel. The night grew very dark, and as I sat in utter despair I heard the same friendly voice, that I had so lately heard, say, "Miles Colvine, put your trust in him who can still the tempest, the hour is come." In a moment the wicket opened, and the same voice said, "Take this sword, and come with me. If you have courage to avenge the miseries and the death of your beautiful and wretched wife, come, for the hour is at hand, and as sure as I hate sin, and love immortal happiness, I shall help you." I took the sword and followed in silence, and coming on deck, I beheld a scene which the hope of sure and immediate revenge rendered inex-

pressibly sweet. The captain and five sailors, though nearly overcome with wine, were seated on deck; the remainder of the crew had retired below; some shouted, some sang, all blasphemed, and one loud din of cursing and carousal echoed far and wide: the mingled clamour that ascended from this scene of wickedness and debauchery partook of all the evil qualities of debased minds and the most infamous pursuits, and cannot be described. Discord had its full share in the conference on deck between the captain and his confederates; they were debating about their shares in the plunder of my house. "Share! by my saul, man," said a Scottish sailor to the captain, "your share in Miles Colvine's pure gold can be but small; one hour of his sweet lady, a hundred leagues from land, was worth all the gold that ever shone."—"I shall share all fairly," said the captain, laying his hand on the hilt of his cutlass, "and first I shall share thy scoundrel carcase among the fishes of the sea, if I hear such a word again. Did I plan the glorious plot of carrying away the fair lady and her lord's treasure, to share either with such a Scottish sawney as thee?" The wrath of the Scotchman burnt on his brow, far redder than the flush of the wine he had drunk. "Fiend seethe my saul, if ye taste na' cauld iron for this!"—And out came his cutlass as he spoke. "That's my hearty Caledonian," said one of his comrades, "give him a touch of the toasting iron; didn't he give a blow to the head of my mother's own son, this blessed morning, for only playing pluck at the lady's garment. Ah, give him the cold piece of steel, my hearty." A blow from the captain's cutlass was the answer to this; several drunkards drew their swords, and ill-directed blows, and ineffectual stabs, were given and received in the dark. "Now," said my sailor, laying his hand on mine, to stay me till I received his admonition, "say not on word, for words slay not, but glide in among them like a spirit; thrust your blade, for anger strikes, but revenge stabs, and I will secure the gangway and fight along with you." I heard and obeyed, and gliding among them,

thrust one of them through and through; a second and a third dropped, ere they saw who was among them. The captain attempted to draw a pistol, but my sword, and my friend's, entered at back and bosom; and though two yet remained unhurt, I struck my sword a second time through the bosom of my mortal enemy, as he lay beneath me; and the last expiring glance of his eye was a look worth remembering. Ere this was accomplished, the other two were both lying with their companions. I have frequently imagined that a firmness and strength, more than my own, were given me during this desperate encounter. Meanwhile the remainder of the crew below set no bounds to their merriment and shouting, and seemed as my friend remarked, ordained to die by my hand, since their clamour, by drowning the groans of their comrades, prevented them from providing for their safety. We fastened the cabin door, and barricaded the gangway, keeping watch with pistol and sword, with the hope of seeing some friendly shore, or a compassionate sail, while the vessel, urged onward by a strong wind, scudded with supernatural swiftness thro' the midnight waters.

We had entered the Solway sea, when the storm, augmenting every moment, carried us rapidly along, and when opposite Allanbay, a whirlwind seizing our ship by the rigging whirled her fairly round, and down she went head foremost. Even in this moment of extreme peril, I shall never forget the figure that, couched among the slain, started to its feet before me, in health, and unhurt. There is a fate in all things: it was that fiend in human form whom I slew to-night. Revenge is sweetest when it comes unhoped for. As we sank, a passing vessel saved my pretty May Colvine, her murdered mother's image, and her wretched father's love, and saved too the heroic sailor; while the drunken wretches went to the bottom, without the chance of swimming for an existence they deserved not to prolong."

Such was the narrative of Miles Colvine. He has been dead for several years, and though his daughter wedded the man who saved her father and her, he refused to forsake the sight of the Solway and the sound of its waters, and was found at his cottage door cold and stiff, with his eyes open and looking seaward.

Original Poetry.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

"Come like shadows, so depart."—*Macbeth*.

THE Diamond, in its native bed,
Hid like a buried star may lie
Where foot of man must never tread,
Seen only by its Maker's eye;
And though imbued with beams to grace
His fairest work in woman's face,
Darkling, its fire may fill the void,
Where fix'd at first in solid night,—
Nor, till the world shall be destroy'd,
Sparkle one moment into light.

The Plant, up springing from the seed,
Expands into the perfect flower;
The virgin-daughter of the mead,
Woo'd by the sun, the wind, the shower;
In loveliness beyond compare,
It toils not, spins not, knows no care;
Train'd by the secret hand that brings
All beauty out of waste and rude,
It blooms a season,—dies,—and flings
Its germs abroad in solitude.

Almighty skill, in ocean's caves,
 Lends the light Nautilus a form
 To tilt along th' Atlantic waves,
 Careless and fearless of the storm ;
 But should a breath of danger sound,
 With sails quick-furl'd it dives profound,
 And far beneath the tempest's path,
 In coral grotts, defies the foe,
 That never brake, in all his wrath,
 The sabbath of the deep below.

Up from his dream, on twinkling wings,
 The Sky-lark soars amid the dawn,
 Yet, while in Paradise he sings,
 Looks down upon the quiet lawn,
 Where flutters in his little nest
 More love than music e'er express'd :
 Then, though the nightingale may thrill
 The soul with keener ecstasy,
 The merry bird of morn can fill
 All Nature's bosom with his glee.

The Elephant, embower'd in woods,
 Coeval with their trees might seem,
 As if he drank, from Indian floods,
 Life in a renovating stream ;
 Ages o'er him have come and fled,
 Midst generations born and dead,
 His bulk survives,—to feed and range,
 Where ranged and fed of old his sires,
 Nor knows advancement, lapse, or change,
 Beyond their walks, till he expires.

Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,
 Of every kind, occult or known,
 (Each exquisitely form'd to suit
 Its humble lot, and that alone,)
 Through ocean, earth, and air, fulfil,
 Unconsciously, their Author's will,
 Who gave, without their toil or thought,
 Strength, beauty, instinct, courage, speed ;
 While through the whole his pleasure wrought
 Whate'er his wisdom had decreed.

But Man, the master-piece of God,
 Man in his Maker's image framed,—
 Though kindred to the valley's clod,
 Lord of this low creation named,—
 In naked helplessness appears,
 Child of a thousand griefs and fears :
 To labour, pain, and trouble, born,
 Weapon, nor wing, nor sleight, hath he ;—
 Yet, like the sun, he brings his morn,
 And is a king from infancy.

For—him no destiny hath bound
 To do what others did before,
 Pace the same dull perennial round,
 And be a man, and be no more !
 A man ?—a self-will'd piece of earth,
 Just as the lion is, by birth ;
 To hunt his prey, to wake, to sleep,
 His father's joys and sorrows share,
 His nich in nature's temple keep,
 And leave his likeness in his heir.

No,—infinite the shades between
 The motley millions of our race ;
 No two the changing moon hath seen
 Alike in purpose, or in face ;

Yet all aspire beyond their fate ;
 The least, the meanest would be great ;
 The mighty future fills the mind,
 That pants for more than earth can give ;
 Man, in this narrow sphere confin'd,
 Dies when he but begins to live.

Oh ! if there be no world on high
 To yield his powers unfetter'd scope ;
 If man be only born to die,
 Whence this inheritance of hope ?
 Wherefore to him alone were lent
 Riches that never can be spent ?
 Enough—not more—to all the rest,
 For life and happiness, was given ;
 To man, mysteriously unblest,
 Too much for any state but Heaven.

It is not thus ;—it cannot be,
 That one so gloriously endow'd
 With views that reach eternity,
 Should shine and vanish like a cloud :
 Is there a God ?—All nature shows
 There is,—and yet no mortal knows :
 The mind that could this truth conceive,
 Which brute sensation never taught,
 No longer to the dust would cleave,
 But grow immortal at the thought.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Biography.

COUNT BOURWLASKI, THE DWARF.

THERE appears to be no reason drawn from either physiology or analogy, why the most astonishing powers of intellect, the soundest sense, the most luxuriant imagination, should not take up their abode in those abridgments of human nature, called Dwarfs. Even were we so unhappy as to yield our assent to the startling and humiliating propositions, “that medullary substance is capable of sensation and thought,” “that the phenomena of mind result entirely from bodily structure,” and “that Shakspeare’s and Newton’s superiority consisted only in having an extra inch of brain in the right place,” we might still stand up in support of the mental capabilities of the pigmy race. Messrs. Lawrence, Spurzheim, &c. must confess, that the brain of a Dwarf bears, at least, the same proportion to the weight of his whole body as that of a full-grown man, and, in many instances, a much larger, if we were permitted to judge from the size of the casket which contains it. Large heads, however, are almost proverbially indicative of small brains ; and those little beings whose Lilliputian character has been stamped, not by injury prior or subsequent to birth, but by the finger of Nature herself, are often beautifully proportioned in every respect, perfect and pleasing miniatures of the human animal. If, from speculating, on the *possibility* of having dwarf statesmen, philosophers, and poets, we proceed to inquire into the results of actual experience, we shall indeed find less reason to expect a Locke thirty inches high, or an epic poem written by fingers no thicker than a goose-quill.—Genius, indeed, would be no compensation for tiny stature ; on the contrary, it would considerably aggravate the misfortune of personal singularity. That acute sensibility, that proud consciousness of superiority, which usually accompany strong mental powers, would for ever torment and distress the tenant of a ridiculously small body. Better, happier is it for Dwarfs, that instead of being *wise*, they are *vain* ; that they

are generally great admirers of their own curious little figures, amused by dressing and decorating them, and inclining, like a conceited woman, preposterously attired, to mistake the stare of astonishment for that of admiration. On the score of intellect they feel equally comfortable: every thing they say is listened to with attention, and its merit, by an almost unavoidable mistake, magnified by the smallness of their stature. Compliments, witticisms, and remarks, which would be considered very commonplace if they issued from a mouth five feet from the ground, are highly applauded when they proceed from one at half the distance.

The Count Boruwlaski, of whom every one has heard, has given his memoirs to the world, a singular specimen of pigmy auto-biography, from which considerable entertainment might be expected. They are preceded by an eulogy from the pen of one of his friends, who affirms that "Nature has endowed the Count with a mind superior to the generality of men," and that having "seen much of mankind in various stations of life, though considered more as a plaything than as a companion, he had omitted no opportunity of making remarks." On perusing the book, we confess ourselves unable to discover any proof of either of these assertions: we see no glimpses of superior mind, we find no traces of a habit of observation.—The Count Boruwlaski was a great traveller, he visited nearly the whole of Europe, and a considerable part of Asia; his pecuniary circumstances opened the middle and lower classes to his inspection, while his size admitted him into palaces, and introduced him to the most distinguished characters; yet we hear nothing new or entertaining of either persons or places, and the compliments and repartees which gained him rings and caresses, appear to lose all their merit when transferred to paper. Neither have we any particulars as to the workings of his own mind under the circumstances of his very peculiar fate; and over the most interesting relations of his life, he has thrown a veil of pride, of prudence, or of deli-

cacy, at once tantalizing and impolitic, which provokes the curiosity it refuses to gratify, and occasions suspicions and conjectures for which there may possibly be no foundation.

His days appear to have glided on, if not in a very happy, in a very similar manner, without any of the fatal celebrity which attended Jeffery Hudson, the Dwarf of whom England makes her boast. This curious little creature was born in 1619 at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, as a compliment, we suppose, to the size of the county. At seven years old he was eighteen inches high, and continued in all the preeminence of this extraordinary elevation till the age of thirty, when he shot up to the comparatively gigantic stature of three feet nine inches. By his fair mistress, Henrietta Maria, this progressive increase must have been watched with unmixed vexation; while Jeffery himself was perhaps divided between his love of consequence and his dislike of ridicule, between his desire of escaping the jests and insults of the courtiers and attendants, and his fear of losing the perquisites and privileges of Dwarf to the Queen. He stopped, however, far below the height where wonder ends and insignificance begins, revelled in former favour, and fretted under former scoffs. His introduction to her Majesty was curiously managed. He was served up in a cold pie at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham to Charles I. and his Queen, soon after their marriage, and presented to Henrietta Maria by the Duchess, his former mistress. Royal favour and caresses gave him high notions of his own importance, and thus, increasing the natural waspishness of his disposition, rendered him little able to bear with patience the inevitable consequences of his pigmy stature; and he was once so provoked by a young gentleman named Crofts, that he immediately sent him a challenge. His antagonist, in contemptuous wantonness, came to the appointment armed with a squirt, which so angered the Lilliputian that a duel absolutely ensued. It has been said, in defence of that honourable system of deliberate murder called duelling, that it is the only security men of inferior stature

possess from the insolence of brutal strength ; and that it may fully answer this purpose was fatally proved by the event of this extraordinary contest. The parties met on horseback, and armed with pistols, in order to equalize, as much as possible, their advantages. The Dwarf fired, and Mr. Crofts fell dead at his feet. Nor was this the only important adventure of Jeffery's life. He was once taken prisoner by the Dunkirkers on his return from France, whither he had been to fetch a midwife for the Queen ; and again, on another occasion, he became the captive of a Turkish pirate. He followed his mistress when she took refuge in France, and returned with her at the Restoration ; and at length, in 1682, being suspected of a concern in the Popish plot, was imprisoned in the Gatehouse, Westminster, where he died soon afterwards, in the 63d year of his age.

Count Boruwlaski, both from his own memoirs, and from common report, appears in a much more advantageous light than his English rival ; and, while we doubt the superiority of his intellect, we readily credit all that has been said of the kindness of his disposition, of his gratitude, his vivacity, and we can ourselves speak to the gentlemanly, the courtly polish of his manners.

He was born in Polish Russia, the son of a gentleman of respectability, who, dying early in life, left his widow and family in straitened circumstances. The Count's parents were both of middle height, and had six children alternately tall and short, three shooting into manly proportions, while the rest kept each other in countenance as Dwarfs. One of the Count's brothers, six feet four in height, was of a very delicate constitution, while the little gentleman himself, born at the almost invisible size of eight inches, and taking thirty years to accomplish his ultimate elevation of three feet three, and his eldest brother, who was only three inches taller, enjoyed robust health, and in infancy gave their mother no greater trouble than, one may suppose, must always be occasioned by children of the Tom Thumb species, who may

be drowned in a basin of milk, trodden to death by a cat, concealed in the folds of a rumpled pocket-handkerchief, lost in a bed of spinage, and carried away in a lady's reticule. We may remark, *en passant*, that dwarfs are, in general, superior to giants, both in health and longevity, which appears to overthrow the hypothesis of Adam's having exceeded the present race of men in stature, as in age. Surely, as man approached nearer to those dimensions which belong to him in the energy and freshness of recent creation, his physical powers would be more likely to improve than to deteriorate, and his life to approximate more closely to antediluvian length.

The Count was taken from his mother by her friend, the Starostin de Caorlix, and, on that lady's second marriage, passed into the favour of the Countess Humiecka, of distinguished family, rank, and beauty. With her he travelled through a considerable part of Europe, his size every where procuring him much attention and many privileges. Even the jealousy of a Turkish Pasha found no food for suspicion in his diminutive person, and Joujou (as the Count was then called) was admitted into the innermost apartments of a seraglio. He was clasped in the arms, and seated on the lap of Maria Theresa, who placed on his tiny finger a ring drawn from the hand of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, then only six years old. At Luneville he was honoured by the notice of Stanislaus, the titular King of Poland, at whose court he was introduced to one of his fraternity, in the person of the renowned Bebe, dwarf to that monarch. Joujou, however, on being measured with his rival, had the proud satisfaction of finding himself three inches the superior in littleness, but in mental stature he far surpassed Bebe, whose understanding was little beyond the intelligence of a well-taught pointer. At Paris Joujou was most kindly received. M. Bouret, the farmer-general, gave him an entertainment, at which all the plates, knives, forks, &c. were proportioned to the size of his guest, and the eatables were ortolans, beccaficos, and other dainties of Lilli-

putian dimensions. It was this Bouret who, having invited some person of distinction to dine with him early in the spring, treated him with peas at a guinea a quart. The following year, at the same season, the visiter received a second invitation, and begged M. Bouret not to purchase peas again at this exorbitant price, as he could make a very good dinner without them. His host bowed in acquiescence, and the first thing his guest saw on entering M. Bouret's grounds, was a red cow feasting on a pailful of the dainty vegetables he had refused.

From Paris the Countess Humiecka repaired to Holland, while Joujou "*sequitur—non passibus æquis*," and from thence to Warsaw, the capital of their native country. Here the Count Boruwlaski, by his own confession, became a little irregular in his habits, frequented the theatre, and was guilty of a few indiscretions. A little good advice and reflection, however, speedily stopped him in his career of dissipation, and he regained the favour of the Countess, who shortly afterwards discouraged Stanislaus II. from bestowing an estate upon her protégé. How completely does such conduct explain, and degrade, the motives which induced her ladyship to take Joujou under her patronage! how does it transmute gold into lead, and change benevolence and compassion into a mean spirit of selfishness, a puerile love of possessing what is curious, and a contemptible desire of keeping the poor little Count dependent on her alone! We must do him the justice to say, that he avoids all harsh language with respect to his early benefactress, and speaks of her behaviour to him in more moderate terms than, from his own account, it deserved. Among other inadvertent or designed omissions, he has neglected to state the year in which he was born; and from the memoirs before us we are unable to discover his age at any one period of his adventures. We learn, however, from another source, that it was at the mature age of forty-one when the calm tenor of his days was first disturbed by the admission of love into his hitherto peaceful bosom. The object of his attachment was a

young lady, named Isalina, residing in the Countess Humiecka's family, but in what capacity we are not informed, of middle stature, expressive countenance, amiable temper, and never-failing vivacity. The Count says, with a happy but amusing vanity, "I had made an impression on the tender heart of Isalina; and, indeed, *how could I fail*, my love being guided by sincerity, and her want of fortune proving my disinterestedness?" We cannot help suspecting that the Count might have met with ladies, who, though equally convinced of his sincere and disinterested affection, might have been less ready to reward it with the gift of their hands.

"The course of true love never yet ran smooth;" and, notwithstanding the lady's kindness, obstacles interfered to retard poor Joujou's felicity. The Countess disapproved his attachment, banished Isalina from her house, and confined the tiny lover to his own room for a fortnight. With the art, the bribery, or the eloquence of lovers "of a larger growth," the Count contrived to gain the servant who was set to guard him, and to establish a correspondence with his dear Isalina. Two of his love-letters are given, as specimens of Lilliputian courtship. At length the Countess sent a messenger to her little prisoner with offers of amity, on condition of his resigning Isalina, but threatened the immediate loss of her protection if he persisted in his attachment. A lover six feet high could not have abandoned more magnanimously fortune and favour for poverty and love. He left the Countess Humiecka's house, and threw himself at Isalina's feet. Fortunately, Prince Casimir had interested himself in the Dwarf's amour, and had procured for him a pension of a hundred ducats from his brother, the King. The Count says, that "the Nuncio, misinformed by the Countess, endeavoured, by some ridiculous pretext, to prevent the marriage;" but Royalty itself interfered, every objection was overruled, and the happy pair were united.

The Count observes a most mysterious silence on all the subsequent events of his matrimonial life; and it

is impossible to avoid suspecting that "they two, who with so many thousand sighs did buy each other," did not live in the harmony that might have been expected, or that the lovely, lively Isalina disappointed the fond anticipations of her little husband.

Certain it is that, finding his pension unequal to his wants, he took the advice of his friend, Prince Casimir, and resolved to revisit the different Courts of Europe; and that from the 57th page of his "Memoirs," where he says, "the idea of seeing my beloved Isalina in misery did not permit me long to enjoy the happiness of possessing her," to the 383d, which concludes the volume, the name of his "*beloved Isalina*" is not again mentioned, nor is there the slightest allusion to his matrimonial ties. He evidently travelled alone; and amidst all his cares and comforts, those of the husband and the father remain unnoticed: yet his wife bore him several daughters; and we can remember reading in some old news-paper, or magazine, an account of the christening of one of them, born, we suppose, in this country, to whom several persons of distinction acted as sponsors.

To return to the Count's travels. Provided, by order of the King, with a convenient coach, such a one, perhaps, as appears in the pantomime of Gulliver, he left Warsaw, and proceeded to Vienna, where he gave a concert. Disappointed by its indifferent success, he seems to have directed all his hopes towards the most uncivilized countries; and considering that he declares his travels had profit, not amusement or information for their object, we cannot but feel astonished at the route he chose to select. He visited Hungary, Turkey, Arabia, Syria, Astracan, Finland, Lapland, and Nova Zembla. His friends strongly dissuaded him from visiting the latter place, and foretold that a concert would not thrive on so barbarous a soil; but the Count was obstinate, and confesses that he afterwards repented his pertinacity. He appears to have been once in some danger from the impetuous curiosity of the natives, who surrounded the house in which he was, and insisted on his

coming forth. Like Blucher, he obeyed, and the savages devoutly "thanked the Sun for showing them such a man;" which "*flattering compliment*," as the Count fortunately considered it, induced him to play them a tune on his guitar. The wondering auditors returned this civility by the gift of some sables. The rambling Lilliputian next visited Tobolsk and Kamschatka, and proceeded as far as Behring's Straits, occasionally procuring a lucrative concert to defray his travelling expenses. On his return towards Europe, he stopped at Catherineburg, where the Director of the Siberian mines resided, who paid the Count considerable attention. This director must have been a wonderful man, not only a profound observer of events himself, but the cause of profound observation in others; for a short conversation with him on politics led Count Boruwlaski to believe, "that there is a large apple-dumpling made, and now boiling in the pot, for certain princes, which must in due time be ready for their dinner." The Count gives us another digression, occasioned by the sight of the "*Henriade*" in a gentleman's library, in order to favour us with an account of his introduction to M. de Voltaire. The first sight of the philosopher produced a most unusual effect on his little admirer—it completely silenced him. When the first surprise was over, he made a speech in explanation of his taciturnity and in praise of Voltaire; on hearing which, "the eyes of that respectable old philosopher filled with an expression of surprise and delight," which he manifested by snatching up the pigmy panegyrist in his arms.

Retracing his steps, the Count returned to Germany, visited Munich and other cities, and at Tiersdorf was persuaded by the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach to try his fortune in England. Through this and the sister countries he made expeditions for many years, and sometimes, we believe, exhibiting himself in a less equivocal manner. At length, just as he was on the point of setting out for America, he received from some kind and generous friends a sum sufficient to

secure to him a moderate independence. His delight at thus terminating wanderings and labours now so unsuited to his years, his new and happy sensations of ease and security, his sincere and lively gratitude, are simply but strongly expressed; he settled himself at Durham near some of his friends and there he still resides, waiting his summons to

that state where every outward distinction will cease, where those who were here "curtailed of this fair proportion, cheated of *stature* by dissembling Nature," will as amply fill the glorious robes of light and immortality, as if they had been Earth's fierce issue, the "*immania Monstra Gigantes*."

W. E.

WITCHES, AND OTHER NIGHT FEARS.

WE are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their creed of witchcraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historic anomaly as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opened, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, of fitness, or proportion—of that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd—could they have to guide them in the rejection or admission of any particular testimony?—That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged, and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds uptore in diabolical revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring—were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood. That the prince of the powers of darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth, should lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of indigent eld—has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood *a priori* to us, who have no measure to guess at his policy, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may fetch in the devil's market. Nor, when the wicked are expressly symbolized by a goat, was it to be wondered at so much, that he should come sometimes in that body, and assert his metaphor.—That the intercourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake—but that once assumed, I see

no reason for disbelieving one attested story of this nature more than another on the score of absurdity. There is no law to judge of the lawless, or canon by which a dream may be criticised.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse. Amidst the universal belief that these wretches were in league with the author of all evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple Justice of the Peace seems to have scrupled issuing, or silly Headborough serving, a warrant upon them—as if they should subpœna Satan!—Prospero in his boat, with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be conveyed away at the mercy of his enemies to an unknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think on the passage. His acquiescence is in exact analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the constituted powers.—What stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces—or who had made it a condition of his prey, that Guyon must take assay of the glorious bait—we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds—one of of the ark, in particular, and another of

Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes—and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage, from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. Turning over the picture of the ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric—driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds—the elephant, and the camel—that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was henceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure. But there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse, which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my childish nerves rather more seriously.—That detestable picture!

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realized its own prophecy, by seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say that in his picture of the Witch raising up Samuel I owe—not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy—but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a true bed-fellow when my aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice, when children wake screaming—and find none to soothe them—what

a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! The keeping them up till midnight, through candle-light and the unwholesome hours, as they are called,—would, I am satisfied in a medical point of view, prove the better caution.—That detestable picture, as I have said, gave the fashion to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay. Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured in some shape or other—

Headless bear, black-man, or ape—

but, as it was, my imagination took that form.—It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H. who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of a goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or to hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own “thick-coming fancies;” and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras and Chimæras dire—stories of Celæno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types, the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that, which we know in a waking sense, to be false, come to affect us at all?—or

— Names, whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not?

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury?—O, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or, without the body they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, chok-

ing, stifling, scorching demons—are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man, as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.*

That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties, the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadow-land of pre-existence.

My night-fancies have long ceased to be afflictive. I confess an occasional night-mare ; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the extinguished taper, will come and look at me ; but I know them for mockeries, even while I cannot elude their presence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and prosaic dreams are grown. They are never romantic,—seldom even rural. They are of architecture and of buildings—cities abroad, which I have never seen, and hardly have hope to see. I have traversed, for the seeming length of a natural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Lisbon—their churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs, ruins, with an inexpressible sense of delight—a map-like distinctness of trace—and a day-light vividness of vision, that was all but being awake. I have travelled amongst the Westmoreland fells—my highest Alps,—but they were objects too mighty for the grasp of my dreaming recognition ; and I have again and again awoke with ineffectual struggles of the “inner eye,” to make out a shape in any way whatever, of Helvellyn. Methought I was in that country, but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortify me. There is C——, at his will can conjure up icy domes, and pleasure-houses

for Kubla Khan and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

Where Alph, the sacred river, runs,

to solace his night solitudes—when I cannot muster a fiddle. Barry Cornwall has his tritons and his nereids gamboling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune—when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly, in the night season, raise up the ghost of a fish-wife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light—it was after reading the noble *Dream* of this poet, that my fancy ran strong upon these marine spectra ; and the poor plastic power, such as it is, within me set to work, to humour my folly in a sort of dream that very night. Methought I was upon the ocean billows at some sea nuptials, riding and mounted high, with the customary train sounding their conchs before me, (I myself, you may be sure, the *leading god*,) and jollily we went careering over the main, till just where Ino Leucothea should have greeted me (I think it was Ino) with a white embrace, the billows gradually subsiding, fell from a sea-roughness to a sea-calm, and thence to a river-motion, and that river (as happens in the familiarization of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me, in the wafure of a placid wave or two, safe and inglorious somewhere at the foot of Lambeth palace.

The desire of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humourist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be, “Young man, what sort of dreams have you ?” I have so much faith in my old friend's theory, that when I feel that idle vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those eluding nereids, and that inauspicious inland landing.

* Mr. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

LETTERS ON A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

NO. I.

Even now where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend.

GOLDSMITH.

WE arrived at Orbe, from Dijon, by way of Salins and Pontarlier—a road full of beauty, and a worthy introduction to this lovely Pays de Vaud. A few leagues from Dijon, about Auxonne, as we drove along the plains, near the Saone, we first saw the bold blue outlines of the Jura; and at Salins we entered into one of its deep valleys, with all the picturesque accompaniments of fir forests and impending mountains. We had now fairly turned our backs on the tame mediocrity of French landscape, and though the post-book told us we were in the *Departement du Jura*, the forests, the mountains, the glens, the streams, the pastoral cottages, assured us we were on the verge of Switzerland. Nothing can be finer than the drive from Pontarlier to Orbe. Pontarlier is situated in a rich plain of pasture watered by the Doubs. The wooded barrier of the Jura rises majestically above the town, and the high road runs through a pass between perpendicular rocks so narrow as to have been formerly shut in by gates, the posts of which still remain. On the cliff on one side is perched the fortress of Joux beetling over the road. Here Toussaint L'Ouverture was confined by Napoleon, and died of cold, hunger, and grief. The rock is almost inaccessible, and admirably adapted for the site of a frontier fortress. Nothing but a refinement in oppressive cruelty could select the fortress for a state prison. A soft green valley, sunk deep between mountains rising abruptly and richly clothed with the deep green of the fir, now afforded us a passage through the chain of the Jura. At the village of Balaigue we passed the frontier. An inspection of our passports by one of the *Gendarmerie Vaudoise*, with a sabre by his side, and *Liberte et Patrie*, the motto of the Canton, glittering on his helmet, somewhat disturbed the romantic illusions of the scene, and the associations connected with a pastoral

republic. The drive by Balaigue and Montcharand to Orbe is one of the most lovely that can be conceived. Here it is that you first command a Swiss prospect, with all its luxuriant variety of mountain, forest, orchards, valleys, lakes, alps, and snows. The Lake of Geneva was obscured by the mists of the evening, but the lake of Neufchatel lay bright and glittering below us. Orbe, though not a pretty town in itself, is one of the most pleasing that I know. The character of the neighbouring scenery has a smiling loveliness, and a teeming fertility, which I never saw equalled. The neatness of the villages, the cleanly respectability of the people, their large well-built cottages and farms, the beautiful pastures, vineyards, orchards, that slope down to the romantic river Orbe, which alternately roars in cascades through rocks, and meanders through an expanse of meadow, the town with its steeples and old Roman towers on a vine-covered eminence above the river, the upland pastures of the Jura covered with flocks of cows and goats and studded with white *chalets*—add to this scene of beauty the black fir-clad ridge of the Jura above, the glittering lakes in the plains below, and the white broken majestic Alps glittering in the far horizon; and, perhaps, Nature can hardly supply a more enchanting scene of beauty and all-varied grace and luxuriance. A tone of retired peace and primitive repose reigns throughout the place. The old Swiss warrior of the 13th century, who stands on the fountain in the little market-place, looks as if he had lifted his stone sword without molestation for centuries. A fine beech-tree luxuriates on the walls of the gate of entrance, and the cascade formed by the Orbe, under the picturesque stone bridge, murmurs in harmony with the beauties of nature and the tranquil spirit of the place. * *

We drove the other day to Val Orbe, three leagues from Orbe. No traveller who visits this part of Switzerland

should neglect seeing this beautiful village, and the singular and lovely source of the Orbe in its neighbourhood. In our way we visited a cascade formed by the river Orbe, near the village of Ballaigne. The exquisite limpidness of the water, the grandeur of the rocks fringed and tufted with luxuriant brushwood and beech-saplings, the sequestered shades which embosom the foaming torrent, render this one of the most interesting waterfalls I have seen. At Ballaigne, we left the carriage, and put ourselves under the guidance of a sturdy Swiss peasant to conduct us to the cascade. The man was dressed in a greasy plush jerkin, a large straw hat, loose trowsers, no stockings, and shoes not weather-tight. He appeared civil and intelligent; and a Swiss gentleman, who accompanied us, seemed to pay him some deference. On returning from the cascade, and wishing him good morning, I begged him to take three francs for his trouble, which he declined with a civil and dignified bow. I soon learned my mistake, when our Swiss friend informed us that our Cicerone was no less a personage than a member of the Grand Council of the Canton de Vaud—a modern Cincinnatus, who mingles the labours of the field with the dignified functions of the senate. We had forgotten that we were now under a pastoral government. How far the crook and the forensic toga consort advantageously together, may perhaps be a question.

The village of Val Orbe, with its neat and well-roofed cottages, its picturesque spire embosomed in poplars and orchards, stands by the Jura. The Orbe has its singular source a mile higher in the valley. Leaving the village, we followed the windings of the stream through the richest meadows, the valley gradually narrowing, the majestic fir-clad mountains on each side growing bolder and more perpendicular, and finally enclosing, with their gloomy wooded barrier, the lovely glen through which the stream flows and murmurs. Dark funereal pines and delicate larches shade the rocky precipices, and overhang the stream. The scene is wild, sequestered, and filled with a solitary and shady stillness. We

began to wonder whence the stream could issue, till we at last found its source, and beheld it, with delight and astonishment, gliding forth in all its pellucid beauty, from a lofty wall of rock amidst the shade of these sylvan recesses. The stream is seventeen feet in width, and four or five in depth at its issuing from the rocks. It flows forth from the rock without a ripple, and at first glides and waves over the most green and graceful moss, till masses of rock, detached from the heights above, interrupt its course, and break its waters into murmuring eddies and cascades. It is impossible to conceive any thing more romantic than the whole scene; and no one that has visited it can wonder that poets should have peopled the fountains and streams of the woods with Naiads and Undines. Saussure prefers the source to that of Vaucluse, for beauty and interest. Its singularity is not less remarkable than its beauty. The water is furnished by the small Lakes of Joux and Rousses, which are situated above the rocks of Val Orbe at an elevation of 680 feet above the source. These lakes discharge themselves through tunnels between the vertical couches of rock, and penetrate through the mountain down to the source. * * *

The drive from Orbe to Lausanne, by La Sarra and Cossonay, is a continued scene of fertility and graceful beauty. The haziness of a sultry atmosphere cleared up as we approached Lausanne, and opened to us the majestic chain of the rugged and purple Alps, with their white heads capped by the clouds, or glittering in the sun for a continuous length of above thirty leagues. Lausanne itself is one of the ugliest and most inconvenient towns on the Continent. The hills and slopes in the town render it almost impossible to drive in a carriage with safety. The cathedral is a venerable Gothic structure, in a fine situation, commanding the lake and the mountains. The town presents scarcely any objects of interest; but it is surprising how little they are missed. Nature in Switzerland is all in all. She has here built her perennial throne, and reigns unquestioned mistress of all our sympathies and sen-

sations. Art scarcely puts in a single claim to our regard; and those which it does present are of a very inferior interest. Monsieur de Chateaubriand would say that the hand of man has here been kept in awe, and checked by the overwhelming wonder of the universe, and the *præsens Deus*, which manifests itself in every glacier and every valley, has taught him a lesson of humility, and confined his aspiring powers to the humble occupations of tilling his fields and protecting his dwelling from the avalanche and the torrent. Certain it is that no country possesses more of useful economy and institutions, and less of the interest of the fine arts, or of the tasteful refinements of social life, than Switzerland. Splendid churches, handsome palaces, costly monuments, fine country-seats, galleries of pictures, showy equipages, luxurious mansions, are here sought for in vain; but, on the other hand, you have neat farms and good farmers, good breeds of cattle, excellent dairies, drill-ploughs, cream cheeses, and even admirable gold watches and musical snuff-boxes. In a word, the genius of man has here a tendency to the useful and mechanical. It is in nature alone that the mind finds those unbounded stores of beauty, grace, and curiosity, which form the interest of the country—that the philosopher meets new wonders to excite his speculation and repay his research—the poet living scenes, that embody the loveliest visions of his fancy—while the mere rambling desultory traveller refreshes his feelings and his faculties at the pure fountain of nature, quickens his perceptions of the beautiful and the grand, and brings home with him to the dull routines of of life a feast of sweet and innocent remembrances.

At Lausanne we had the gratification of visiting the great classic hero of our stage, whom we found enjoying leisure and literary ease, and distinguished reputation, amongst all the charms of picturesque nature. His abode is one of the handsomest and most pleasingly situated champagnes near Lausanne, commanding a lovely prospect of the lake and the Alps. The interior unites all the elegance of a foreign villa with the

comfort of an English gentleman's mansion; and we considered ourselves highly fortunate in spending some most agreeable hours with its interesting host, and a selection of individuals eminent in the literary rolls of our country. Mrs. Siddons was a chief ornament of this interesting circle; and her conversation seemed to have acquired a new warmth and eloquence from the inspiring scenes which she was visiting for the first time. Her descriptions of the sensations she had experienced, and the deep admiration she had felt in witnessing the wonders of Alpine nature, particularly on her first entrance into Switzerland, and her visit to the Alps of Berne, had all the energy of truth and the glow of real sensibility. As we stood in a window of Mr. Kemble's villa, listening to Mrs. Siddons's charming enthusiasm, and joining in her expressions of admiration, the moon was streaming in all her lustre across the glassy lake spread out before the house. The Alps on the opposite bank marked out their dark and jagged outlines on the pure blue of the Heavens. It was impossible to behold an evening or a scene of more exquisite and lovely repose; and the society in which we enjoyed it, and by which it was enjoyed, gave an increased zest to its beauties. Lord Byron, who by the way is the best of companions and guides in Switzerland, has seized every feature of a moonlight scene on the lake with his usual power and felicity.

It is the hush of night, and all between

Thy margin and the mountains dusk yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen
Save darken'd Jura, whose cap heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,

There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood: on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,

Or chirps the grasshopper one good night carol
more—

Childe Harold, Canto iii.

We happened to be at Lausanne on occasion of a very strictly observed fast, which occurs annually in the month of September. It was observed with a degree of ceremony and strictness much beyond the observances of a Sabbath. Divine service commenced at seven and eight o'clock in the morning in the Ca-

thedral and other churches, and a succession of prayers and sermons was delivered without interruption till three or four in the afternoon. All business was suspended—not a single shop was open—and the churches were thronged to overflowing. As soon as one service was at an end, the congregation departed to make room for fresh worshippers; while the pulpit was occupied by a fresh pastor. Notwithstanding all this zealous solemnization of the day, it was somewhat extraordinary, that after an inquiry of at least a score of individuals, many of them of information, we found it impossible to obtain any specific account of the ori-

gin of the fast. All agreed that it was of great antiquity, and intended to commemorate some signal instance of the divine protection extended to the country: beyond this, no information was to be obtained. If this had been in a Catholic canton, where ceremonies descend as an inheritance from generation to generation, without inquiry as to their meaning and origin, it would have excited no wonder; but it appeared very singular to see a shrewd inquiring race of Calvinists praying and singing from morning till night, without being able to give a satisfactory account of the tendency of their devotions.

HELEN GRÆME.

A spirit glides to my bed-side,
Wringing it's hands of virgin snow;
Loosely it's robes of floating light,
Loosely it's golden ringlets flow;
All in a shadowy mantle clad,
It climbs my blissless bridal bed.

"Thou airy phantom of the night,
Unveil thy face, and gaze on me,
Until my shivering heart is cold,
And I'll arise, and follow thee.
Oh! Helen Græme, celestial maid,
I commune with thine angel shade.

"Ill-omen'd was this morn to me,
The woeful morn of my wedding;
Matilda heard a death-bed toll—
When on her finger glow'd the ring.
My cold hand clasp'd the blushing dame's,—
But O! my heart was Helen Græme's."

"Arise, *Lord Auchinlea*, arise,
And wrap thee in this shroud of mine;
Turn from thy softly slumbering bride,
And press my shivering cheek to thine.
On forest glade, and naked wold,
The wind is keen—the dew is cold.

"I know thee well, deserving youth;
Fair honour clothes thy gentle brow;
The rage of feud withheld thy hand,—
But hand and heart are Helen's now.
Another lock'd embrace, and we
Will hie us to eternity.

"An angry father's scowling brow,
A lady mother's wrathful eye
Will never more our loves divide—
Will never more our peace annoy.
In one wide bed, beneath the yew,
There will we sleep—and sweetly too."

His young bride woke in sore affright—
Pale as the cold, the lifeless clay;
She saw her lord in Helen's arms,—

His quivering corse beside her lay.
Wrapt in a mantling blaze of light,
They vanish'd from that lady's sight.

Green grows the birk on Laggan burn,
And fair the opening blossom blows ;
But greener is the sacred grass,
And ruddier too, the wild-briar rose,
Where dew-bath'd flowrets gently rest
Their bloomy heads on Helen's breast.

ETYMOLOGICAL GLEANINGS.

A work under this title is preparing for the press, interspersed with philological observations, curious anecdotes, historical explanations, &c. and intended as a supplement to the last edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, and will, as far as we can judge from the specimen of a first sheet, do no discredit to the ingenious, learned, and amusing writer. We are fortunately enabled to show, by a few selections, on what our opinion is formed, and these we subjoin for the entertainment of our readers.

A.

THE pronunciation of this vowel being no more than the opening of the mouth with the intention of producing a sound, gave occasion to the quaint and Leonine hexameter :

Clamant E vel A, quotquot nascuntur ab EvA.

It is not unworthy of observation, that Cicero himself (in *Orat.* 49) condemns the too-frequent recurrence of that vowel, as harsh and displeasing to the ear—*insuavissimam* ; when, on the other hand, Virgil adopts, and even affects, such an illiteration to express agreeable objects, pleasing ideas, and soft impressions ; as the following examples will show :

Phyllida amo ante alias. *Bucol. Eccl.* iii. 79.
Pascitur in magnâ silvâ formosa juvenca.
Geo. iii. 219.

which Delille has happily translated :

Tranquille elle s'égara en un gras paturage.

We have also in *Bucol. Eccl.* ii. 51.

Molua luteolâ pingit vaccinia calthâ ;

and in *Geo.* iv. 596,

Illa quidem Stygiâ nabat jam frigida cymbâ.

How to reconcile two authorities of such weight and importance I cannot take upon myself to decide.

In a manuscript containing curious observations upon letters, the perusal of which I was allowed a few years since, the author surrounds himself with quotations from ancient poets, in order to prove that the vowel A corresponds to *white*, as a colour, and to the sound of the *German flute* ; E. to *blue*, and the

clang of cranes, or the blast of the *trumpet* ; I to *yellow* and the slender sounds of the *flageolet* ; O to *red*, and the *drum* ; and U to *black*, and the *howlings* of mourners at the grave. Among the different citations adduced to support his hypothesis in its ingenious eccentricity, I find the following :

White, the }
undivided ray } A.
of light. } Stans hostia ad aram
Lanca dum niveâ circumdatur infula vittâ.
Geo. iii. 487.

Blue, 1st primitive colour } E.
} Quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros Martemque accendere cantu.
Æn. vi. 165.

Yellow, 2nd }
& middle primitive colour. } I.
} Sub tegmine fagi
Silvestreâ tenui musam meditaris avenâ.
Buc. Eccl. i. 1.

Red, 3rd primitive colour. } O.
} Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo narcisso.
Buc. Eccl. v. 38.

Black, }
absence of light. } U.
} Lamentis gemitugue et fœmineo ululatu.
Æn. iv. 667.
and *Æn.* xi. 662. ululante tumultu.

Whatever merit may be attached to the above hypothesis, no one can deny that it is curious accidentally to find the three primitive colours of nature, blue, yellow, and red, placed in their prismatical order, between the full effulgency of light at top, and the perfect absence of it at bottom. And I should not wonder if the proportionate distances between white and blue, blue

and yellow, &c. were in the same ratio with those between the broad and open sound of the vowel A and the slender tone of E, between E and I, &c.

"A *per se* A. Much has been said to explain the true meaning of A *per se* A, which is nothing more than A by itself. The quotation from Wily Beguiled, (1635,) as given in Johnson's Dictionary :

'In faith my sweet honey-comb, I'll love thee A *per se* A,'

contains no mystery ; the sense is plain — 'I will love thee for thy own merit ;' unless it allude to some rebus which is now forgotten, or to a French game often played in company on a winter's evening, by the younger part of the family who take no interest at the card-table. They say, 'J'aime mon amant par A, parcequ'il est Amiable,'—I love my friend by A, because he is Amiable. This goes round the cheerful circle as fast as the readiness of the individuals at finding adjective beginning with an A, can allow. Then follows, 'J'aime mon amant par B, parcequ'il est Bienveillant.'—I love my friend by B, because he is Benevolent ; and so on. If any one stops for want of the word beginning by the letter in rotation, he or she forfeits and deposits a pledge, the redeeming of which is the aim and end of the game. This amusement is not unknown here.

"ABBREUVOIR'. *s.* This is a French word, admitted, nobody knows why, into an English Dictionary, and clearly borrowed from the Italian *abbeverare* derivative of *bevere*. The French *breuvage*, which we have diluted into *beverage*, or rather brought back to its spring, comes also from *bevere*, which naturally flows from the Latin *bibere*, to drink ; the letter B taking the pronunciation of V, as it was customary among the Romans. This circumstance has given occasion to the following distich :

*Bixit pro vixit constat scripsisse Latinos,
Ergo nil aliud vivere quam bibere est.*

"The word *abbreuvoir*, which means strictly a watering-place for horses and cattle, does not appear to have been used in that sense in English ; yet our masons, when they place several stones

contiguous to each other, call the interstices 'abbreuvoirs,' because they are to be *abbreuvés* with liquid mortar. The following anecdote will establish the sense of this word, according to the true French acceptation of it :

A Capuchin, in one of his sermons had given offence to the lackeys of a nobleman, who, a few days after, invited him to dinner. The Franciscan, in the course of the repast, had repeatedly made signs to these varlets for the means of quenching his thirst ; but the spiteful attendants did not choose to move. The patient friar bore this with good humour, till at last, taking hold of his girdle, or 'cordon,' he placed the end of it in the hand of the servant nearest to him, saying, with a significant smile, 'Conduisez-moi, à l'*abbreuvoir*,'—Lead me to the horse-pond. The quaintness of the application was instantly felt by the master of the house ; a bottle of champagne was placed on the table at the side of the Capuchin, and the next day the offenders were dismissed.

"ABSTE'MIOUS, *adj.* [*abstemius*, Lat. from *abs*, without, and *temetum*, strong wine.] Abstaining from wine.

Pliny tells us that Cato major (who, according to Horace had no objection to a brimmer of generous wine,

Narratur et prisce Catonis
Sæpe mero icaluisse virtus,
Od. lib. iii. xxi.)

had slyly advised his relations to kiss their wives at their coming home, in order to detect whether they had drunk wine with their gossips when abroad.

"The reader may have not remarked that in the word *abstemious*, the five vowels of the alphabet stand in their grammatical order—*a, e, i, o, u*. The word *facetious* presents the same accidental singularity ; and *facetiously* brings in the *y*.

"ACE. *s.* [Lat. *as*.] An unit ; a single point on cards or dice, (Johnson.) The word *as* in Latin means a whole sum, an estate, or any thing else which may be divided into aliquot parts ; and is derived from *æs*, out of which weights and coinage were made. At cards, the *ace* is (I must say generally, for I know of games in which it is not so) looked upon as the highest in value and dignity ; so that all the rest of the pack are mere dividends of the principal, the ace. The king, queen, and knave, have been added by courtesy ; and yet sometimes the ace counts eleven, when the king is valued at ten.^v

SKETCHES OF INDIA.

VISIT TO SCINDIAH'S MAHRATTA CAMP, NEAR GUALIOR.

WE passed along under the south western face of the fort, looking up to its battlements, its towers, and prison-palaces; and visiting, about half-way up the rocky hill, some curious caves containing colossal figures of the god Budh. From the mouth of one of these caves, as I looked out on the plain below, I saw several small soowarries in motion; here an elephant with a party of horse-men; there a couple of women's hackrees going to a garden, with a small escort of horse; and here again, a leader with a whole plump of spears; while individual figures scouring along the plain might be seen every where. But it was not till, leaving this side of the fort we came to its northern head, that we got a full view of the Mahratta camp. It is not quite, perhaps, what you expect; for it presents the appearance of an immense village, or rather collection of villages, with about a dozen chunamed buildings, shapeless, coarse, without any air of ornament; and here and there many small trees and hedges of the milk-plant, all of quick growth and late planting, but yet giving the whole a fixed and settled aspect. At the second gaze, however, you see interspersed many tents and palls, flags and pennons; in some parts, hutted lines and piles of arms; in one range, a large regular park of artillery; in all the open spaces, horses irregularly picketted, strings of camels, and a few stately elephants. On the skirts of this large mass, a few smaller and more regular encampments belonging to particular chiefs with their followers better armed and mounted. The sounds, too, of neighings, of drums, of horns, and fire-arms; and, occasionally, the piercing trump of the elephant, mingled in confusion with the hum of a population, loud, busy, and tumultuous, tell you, convincingly, the trade here is war: the manufactures are of arms.

Many years, however, has the Mahratta camp happily been stationary. Nor is there treasure in the coffers,

or energy in the councils of Scindiah, which now stands a power, isolated, helpless, and without hope ever again effectually to set it in motion. From a prodigious host, it has dwindled in numbers greatly; in efficiency and readiness of equipment, still more: perhaps not more than seven thousand mounted men are in his camp; about three brigades of infantry; his artillery alone fine, and disproportionately so; his stores miserably low."

Next day we rode into camp—In traversing this rude irregular encampment, the groups we met were horses picketted in circles with the rider's spear planted in the ground at each head-rope; men lying on their horse-furniture; pillowed on their shields; or busy cooking; or cleaning their horses and arms. Their women making fires; fetching water and bringing in grass; their children of all sizes at play in the dust naked. All these were features, to the eye of the European officer, strange and interesting.

"As we passed back round the fort, we were fortunate enough to meet Scindiah returning from the chase, surrounded by all his chiefs; and preceded or followed by about seven hundred horse. Discharges of cannon announced his approach, and a few light scattered parties of spearmen were marching before the main body. We stopped our elephants just on one side of a narrow part of the road, where the rajah and chiefs with his immediate escort must pass.

First came loose light-armed horse, either in the road, or scrambling and leaping on the rude banks and ravines near; then some better clad, with the quilted poshauk*; and one in a complete suit of chain-armour; then a few elephants, among them the hunting elephant of Scindiah, from which he had dismounted. On one small elephant, guiding it himself, rode a fine boy, a foundling protégé of Scindiah, called

* A garment of cloth, or silk, quilted and stuffed with cotton, so as to render it sabre-proof

the Jungle Rajah ; then came, slowly prancing, a host of fierce, haughty chieftains, on fine horses, showily caparisoned. They darted forward, and all took their proud stand behind and round us, planting their long lances in the earth, and reining up their eager steeds to see, I suppose, our salaam.—Next, in a common native palkee, its canopy crimson, unadorned, came Scindiah himself. He was plainly dressed, with a reddish turban, and a shawl over his vest, and lay reclined, smoking a small gilt or golden calcan. We stood up in our howdah and bowed ; he half rose in his palkee, and salaamed rather in a courteous manner. At this there was a loud cry of all his followers near, who sung out his titles, and the honour he had done us, &c. And all salaamed themselves profoundly.

I looked down on the chiefs under us, and saw that they eyed us most haughtily, which very much increased the effect they would otherwise have produced. They were armed with lance, scymitar, and shield, creese and pistol ; wore, some shawls ; some tissues ; some plain muslin or cotton ; were all much wrapped up in clothing ; and wore, almost all, a large fold of muslin, tied over the turban-top, which they fastened under the chin ; and which, strange as it may sound to those who have never seen it, looks *warlike*, and is a very important defence to the sides of the neck.

Near Bhilsah, the author encountered a frantic female devotee, whom he thus describes :—

In the evening I walked out, and climbed a lofty rock, about half a mile to the eastward of the town, on which is also a durgah to the memory of a Mahomedan saint. There are steps cut in the rock ; and here and there gateways and small walls. On the top all is bare and naked, but would make, and has evidently been used as a point of defence. The deserted huts of a large irregular bivouac still lie between its shelter and that of the town. As I stood gazing round me, now looking out on the noble and extensive scene below, now examining the durgah, there burst on me a figure which quite startled me.

From the cottage I had remarked, there came forth an old woman, in form and feature horrible ; and with angry wild gestures in a hoarse voice bade me begone. Her lean shrivelled arms, loose breasts, haggard features, and grey dishevelled hair, gave her an appearance absolutely horrible. I affected first to disregard, and then soften her ; neither would do. She seemed half-frantic, and said many things in a loud hurried unintelligible tone of voice. I left the spot quite with a sinking of the heart. Her age, her sex, forbade me to use violence of any sort which might defend me ; and mad she seemed with hate, the offspring of superstition, or of wrong, I could not tell which. She evidently dressed the durgah with flowers, and dwelt there as its guardian : widowed, childless, or destitute, or all, she might have become through war.

It has been already stated, that the famous Pindarrie chieftain Seetoo, who headed 30,000 men to plunder the Deccan, fell a prey to wild beasts. He escaped from the fortress of Asseerghur, a few days before our troops invested it. Without followers, without friends, he crossed the Nerbuddah, and directed his flight northwards. A few days afterwards, his horse was found wandering without a rider ; and, on the border of the jungle, near some by-road, the corpse of Seetoo, evidently killed and preyed upon by a tiger, and since torn by jackalls. His arms, so often bathed in the blood of others, had lain useless by his side, and were stained with his own. A few jewels and money, provided for his flight, were in his scrip. They would not bribe the fierce and savage lord of these wilds from his foul meal. Papers and passports, framed and prepared with art to ensure safe conduct through populous and peaceful districts, had failed him here ; where, under the fangs of an irresistible and powerful wild beast, only less blood thirsty and cruel than himself, he perished, as hopelessly as the trembling female, or tottering infant, under his lifted spear.

The account of the Bheels, with whom our recent conquests has brought us more nearly into contact, deserves to

be copied :—They live by the chase and by rapine ; on the roads they never show themselves armed ; the bow and arrow and javelin, are their weapons ; but I never saw any remarkable for size or strength. They are a short thick-set people, with hideous countenances, flat noses and thick lips, but far less handsome and finely formed men than the Africans ; neither have they the very dark complexions, and that fine clear shining black ; their hair is straight ; they look stupid, to speak of them as men, but yet have a quick little piercing eye, such as would discern the far-off deer, the deep-swimming fish, the lofty bird's-nest, or the wild bee-hive. Their women are even more hideous than the men ; these you meet more frequently, and in larger groupes, carrying bundles of wood for sale. The favourite haunts of this half-barbarous people, are in the deepest and most unknown recesses of the jungles. They often plunder and murder on the roads, and seemed to hold no fellowship with any other race.—They are supposed to be the Aborigines of the province of Guzerat.

Of another race we have the following notice :—In my march forward, at a place called Sunjum, where there was a sort of fair, I saw a party of Seiks. They were infantry, armed with swords, creeses, and matchlocks, and carrying a curious missile weapon like a quoit, but lighter, and with sharp edges.—These they whirl round the finger, and throw with unerring and fatal precision, to the forehead of an opponent. I hardly ever saw any where, men more graceful, stronger and better made.—

Their complexions were a fair olive. They wore beards curling round the chin. Their turbans small and high, and peculiar in form. The loin-cloth wrapped close under the fork, leaving the limb entirely unencumbered, save by a light handsome sandal. Their women were handsome, with fine forms, and their robes much loaded with ornament. Some of them told me they were now in the service of Chunder Loll, the prime minister of the nizam ; that in the nizam's dominions two or three thousand were generally entertained ; but two or three of them told me they had served in the last war in the very north of Hindustan against the forces of Candahar. At sunset, they assembled round the oldest, a venerable looking man, who wore a long dark blue robe, and sung a hymn.—He also repeated some form of prayer.

We shall finish with the portrait of a singular character at Hyderabad, of whom the author says, I passed one morning, and took tiffin with a famous English merchant, who holds a singular sort of durbar every morning, at which you may see shroffs and merchants, officers and nobles, coming to beg, borrow, lend, or transact business ; all which is done according to the native customs. These Mr. P. observes in every thing connected with his establishment ; even when alone, to the sitting on the floor to a dinner served in their fashion ; reading the Arabian Nights with his Moorish wives ; presiding at nautches ; and (*de gustibus non est disputandum*) listening with pleasure to the musical sounds of the native tom-tom.*

BALLAD.

I DREAMT not what it was to woo,
And felt my heart secure ;
Till Robin dropt a word or two,
Last evening, on the moor.
Though with no flattering words, the while,
His suit he urged to move,
Fond ways inform'd me, with a smile,
How sweet it was to love.

He left the path to let me pass,
The dropping dews to shun ;
And walk'd himself, among the grass,—
I deem'd it kindly done.

And when his hand was held to me,
As o'er each stile we went,
I deem'd it rude to say him nay,
And manners to consent.

He saw me to the town, and then
He sigh'd, but kiss'd me not ;
And whisper'd, " We shall meet again ;"
But did not say for what :
Yet on my breast his cheek had lain ;
And though it gently press'd,
It bruised my heart, and left a pain
That robs it of its rest. JOHN CLARE.

* Tom-tom, a drum, usually beat with the hand.

THE REGICIDE GENERALS, WHALLEY AND GOFFE.

(From the 23d No. of *Perey Anecdotes*.)

OF the fifty-nine judges who signed the warrant for the execution of King Charles the First, twenty-four died before the Restoration of Charles the Second; twenty-seven persons, judges and others, were taken, tried, and condemned; some of these were pardoned; but fourteen, nine of whom were judges, were executed. Only sixteen fled and finally escaped. Three of these, Major-General Edward Whalley, Major-General William Goffe, and Colonel John Dixwell escaped to New-England, where they died, after being secreted nearly thirty years.

On the 22nd of September, 1660, a proclamation was issued, setting forth that Whalley and Goffe had left the kingdom; but as there was great reason to suppose they had returned, a reward of £100 was offered to any one who would discover either of them in any of the British dominions, and cause him to be brought in alive or dead if he made any resistance. Goffe had married the daughter of Whalley, and they escaped to New England together, arriving at Boston the 27th of July, 1660.

They did not attempt to conceal their persons or characters, when they arrived at Boston, but immediately went to the Governor, Mr. Endicott, who received them very courteously; and they were visited by the principal persons of the town. They fixed their residence at Cambridge, about four miles from Boston, which they frequently visited, attending regularly to their religious duties. They appeared grave, serious, and devout; and the rank they had formerly sustained, as well as their prudent demeanour, commanded respect.

It had been reported that all the judges of the late king would be pardoned, but seven; and Whalley and Goffe, who had not been among the most obnoxious, hoped to receive the king's clemency; but when the Act of Indemnity reached Boston, which was not until the last day of November, it appeared that they were not excepted. Some of the pow-

erful persons in the government now became alarmed; but pity and compassion prevailed with others, and they had assurances from some belonging to the general court that they would stand by them.

On the 22nd of February, 1661, the Government summoned a Court of Assistants, to consult about securing them; but the court did not agree to it. Finding it unsafe to remain any longer, they left Cambridge, and arrived at Newhaven, about one hundred and fifty miles distant, on the 7th of March, where they were well treated by the ministers, the Rev. John Davenport and the Rev. Nicholas Street. On the 27th of March, they removed to New Milford, and made themselves known there; but at night they returned privately to Newhaven, and were concealed at Mr. Davenport's house until the 3d of April.

About this time, news arrived from Boston that ten of the judges were executed; and the governor received a royal mandate to cause Whalley and Goffe to be secured. This greatly alarmed the country, and there is no doubt that the court were now in earnest in their endeavours to apprehend them; and to avoid all suspicion, they gave commission and instruction to two young merchants from England, Thomas Kellond, and Thomas Kirk, zealous royalists, to go through the colonies, as far as Manhados in search of them. The regicides had friends who informed them what was doing, and they removed from Mr. Davenport's to the house of Mr. Jones, afterwards deputy-governor of Connecticut, where they lay hid till the 11th of May, and then removed to a mill. On the 13th, they went into the woods, where they met Jones and two of his companions, Sperry and Burril, who first conducted them to a place called Hatchet-Harbour, where they lay two nights, until a cave or hole in the side of a hill was prepared to conceal them. The hill they called Providence Hill, and there they continued from the 15th of May to the 11th of June. Richard Sperry daily sup-

plied them with victuals from his house, about a mile off; sometimes carrying it himself, at other times sending it by one of his boys, tied up in a cloth, ordering him to lay it on a certain stump and leave it; and when the boy went for it at night, he always found the basins emptied of the provisions, and brought them home. The boy wondered at it, and used to ask his father the design of it, for he saw nobody. His father told him there was somebody at work in the woods that wanted it.

The incident which made them abandon this cave, is said to have been a visit which they received as they lay in bed, from a panther, or a catamount, who putting his head into the door or aperture of the cave, blazed his eyeballs in so hideous a manner upon them, as greatly affrighted them. One of them was so terrified by this grim and ferocious monster, and at his squalling, that he took to his heels, and fled down the mountain to Sperry's house for safety.

The second concealment which they selected, was about two miles and a half north of the first, at the foot of the mountain on the western bank of a small rivulet, which runs along the west side of the West Rock. For some reason or other, they do not seem to have sojourned here long; tradition says, because the Indian dogs in hunting discovered them; they therefore sought another lodgement.

The third place of their abode in the vicinity of Newhaven, was at a place called to this day *The Lodge*. It was situated at a spring in a valley, or excavation in a declivity, about three miles west, or a little north-west, from the last mentioned residence. When they came to this abode is uncertain; it was in the summer; and they left it, and removed to Milford, August, 1661; after having resided in and about Newhaven for nearly half a year, from the 7th of March, to the 19th of August, 1661.

Among the traditionary anecdotes and stories concerning the events which took place at Newhaven, it is related, that when the pursuers, Kellond and Kirk, were expected, the regicides walked out towards the Neck bridge, the road by which they must enter the

town. At some distance, the sheriff, or marshal, Mr. Kimberly, overtook them, with a warrant for their apprehension. He endeavoured to secure them, but they stood upon their defence, and being expert at fencing, repulsed the officer, who went back to town for assistance. He soon returned with additional aid; but in the meantime, the regicides had escaped into the woods with which the town was surrounded.

One time, when the pursuers were searching the town, the regicides, in shifting their situations, happened to be at the house of a Mrs. Evers, a respectable old lady; she, seeing the enemy coming, ushered her guests out at the back door, who, walking out a little way, instantly returned to the house, and were hid and concealed by her in her apartments. The pursuers coming inquired whether the regicides were in her house. She answered, they had been there, but were just gone away, and pointed out the way. They went into the fields and woods; and by her artful and polite address, she diverted them, put them upon a false scent, and secured her friends. It is rather probable, that this happened the next day after their coming to Newhaven; and that they then left the town, and went through the woods to the mill, two miles off, whither they had retired on the 11th of May.

About the time the pursuers came to Newhaven, and, perhaps, a little before, and to prepare the minds of the people for their reception, the Rev. Mr. Davenport preached publicly from this text, Isaiah, xvi. 3, 4. *Take counsel, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night, in the midst of the noon-day; hide the outcasts, betray not him that wandereth: let mine outcasts dwell with thee: Moab, be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler.* This sermon had such an effect, that though large rewards were offered for their apprehension, yet no pains were taken by the inhabitants to discover their retreat.

To show the dexterity of the regicides at fencing, it is related, that while at Boston, a fencing-master had a stage erected, on which he walked for several days, challenging and defying

any one to play with him at swords. At length, one of the regicides made his appearance, disguised in a rustic dress, holding in one hand a cheese wrapped in a napkin for a shield, with a broomstick, whose mop he had besmeared with dirty puddle water as he had passed along; thus equipped, he mounted the stage; the fencing-master railed at him for his impudence, asked what business he had there, and bade him begone. The regicide stood his ground, upon which the gladiator made a pass at him with his sword, to drive him off, a rencounter ensued: the regicide received the sword into the cheese, and held it till he drew the mop of the broom over his mouth, and gave the gentleman a pair of whisks. The gentleman made another pass, and plunging his sword a second time, it was caught and held in the cheese, till the broom was drawn over his eyes. At a third lunge, the sword was caught again, till the mop of the broom was rubbed gently all over his face; upon this, the gentleman let fall, or laid aside, his small sword, and took up the broad sword, and came at him with that; upon which the regicide said, "Stop, sir; hitherto, you see, I have only played with you; but if you come at me with your broad sword, know that I will certainly take your life." The firmness and determination with which he spake, struck the gentleman, who, desisting, exclaimed, "Who can you be? You are either Goffe, Whalley, or the devil, for there was no other man in England that could beat me." And so the disguised regicide retired into obscurity, leaving the spectators to enjoy the diversion of the scene, and the vanquishment of the boasting champion. Hence it is proverbial in some parts of New England, in speaking of a champion at athletic and other exercises, to say, that "none can beat him but Goffe, Whalley, or the devil."

From their cave in the woods near Newhaven, they ventured to the house of one Tomkins, near Milford meeting-house, where they remained two years without ever stirring out; they afterwards took a little more liberty, and

made themselves known to several persons in whom they could confide.

In 1664, the commissioner from Charles the Second arrived at Boston. On receiving this news, they retired to their cave, where they remained eight or ten days. Soon after some Indians hunting, discovered the cave, with the bed; and the report being spread abroad, rendered it unsafe to continue there any longer. On the 13th of October, 1664, they removed to Hadley, Massachusetts, nearly a hundred miles distant, travelling only by night. On their arrival, they took up their abode with the Rev. Mr. Russell, who had previously agreed to receive them. At this house, and that of Peter Tilton, Esq. they spent the rest of their lives, for fifteen or sixteen years, in dreary solitude and seclusion from the world. The minister was no sufferer by his boarders, as they received remittances every year from their wives in England, as well as occasional presents from other persons; Goffe, who kept a regular diary during his exile, has recorded donations from several friends. They were in constant terror, though they had reason to hope after some years that all inquiry for them was over. They read with pleasure the news of their having been killed in Switzerland; and having exact intelligence of every thing which passed in England, they were unwilling to give up all hopes of deliverance. It is said that their greatest expectations were from the fulfilment of the prophecies, as they had no doubt that the execution of the judges was the slaying of the witnesses. Their lives were miserable burdens, and they complained of being banished from all human society. Goffe corresponded with his wife by the name of Walter Goldsmith, and she as Frances Goldsmith. Their letters, some of which are preserved, strongly describe the distresses of two persons under such peculiar circumstances, who appeared to have lived very happily together.

During their residence at Hadley, the most memorable Indian war took place. This was called King Philip's war. Philip was a powerful Sachem, and resided at Mount Hope in Rhode-Island, where he was soon after put to

death by Colonel Church. All the frontier towns of New-England were attacked, and Hadley was then exposed as a place of this description. The time the savages fixed on to make the assault, was while the inhabitants were assembled at the meeting-house to observe a fast day ; but fortunately it had been some time a custom for the men to attend public worship armed. Had the town been taken, the discovery of Whalley and Goffe would have been inevitable. The men took up their arms and attempted a defence, but were soon thrown into confusion ; when (as it is related to this day) a stranger suddenly appeared among them of venerable aspect, and different in his apparel from the inhabitants, who rallied and disposing them in the best military manner, led them to the charge, routed the Indians, and saved the town. In the

moment of victory their deliverer vanished. The inhabitants, unable to account for the phenomenon, believed that they had been commanded by an angel sent from heaven for their protection. This supposed angel was Goffe, who never before ventured from his concealment in the cave in the woods nor was it known who had so ably led them against the Indians until after his death.

Goffe and Whalley appear to have been much respected on account of their professions of piety, and their grave deportment, by persons who did not approve of their political conduct. Whalley, who became reduced to a state of second childhood, died about the year 1676 or 1678 ; and Goffe, it is supposed, did not live beyond 1680 ; his last letter is dated April 2nd, 1679.

Paragraphs.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES—LITERARY NEWS—REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, &c.

SPORTING IN INDIA.

A letter from Ceylon mentions a remarkable fact in Oriental sporting, which recently happened in that island. A party of Europeans, who were out amusing themselves with elephant hunting, came so suddenly on a numerous herd as to be thrown into great confusion. The trampling was terrible and the danger imminent. One of the tame elephants in particular was overthrown, and two of the wild animals rushed forward to destroy its dismounted driver. At this moment, Capt. —, with a coolness almost incredible, interfered and saved his life, by shooting first one and then the other elephant dead, each by a single ball from a barrel of his double-barrelled gun. The mortal mark is on the head, over the eye, and in both instances the ball penetrated the brain.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Among the groups that decorate the grand staircase at Kensington, painted by the ingenious Kent, who laid out the beautiful gardens for Queen Caroline, is a portrait of Mahomet, the

Turk, who was valet-de-chambre to his majesty, George 1st. This worthy man, whom the sovereign brought from Hanover, was justly esteemed for his amiable manners and general deportment. Although *so great a royal favourite*, his benevolence was not the least of his many virtues, having, in the space of three years, discharged from the Gate-house in Westminster, the Borough Clink, Ludgate, and other close and filthy prisons, disgraceful to that age, more than three hundred poor debtors confined for small sums ! This *Christian Turk* died in 1726.

BOHEMIAN PEARLS.

A letter from Vienna says, that the pearl fishery in Bohemia and Moravia has been very productive this year. These pearls, known by the name of Bohemian Pearls, are found in the Moldawa from Kruman to below Fruenberg. This river furnishes every year from three to four hundred pearls of the purest water and very well shaped, besides several hundred imperfect pearls. The House of Schwartz-

berg is proprietor of the greatest part of the banks. The shells which produce the pearls are of a particular species, which it would be advantageous to encrease. Besides the Moldawa there is another small river called the Wattawa, which produces a few pearls; they are not fished up, as in the Moldawa from the bed of the river, but taken from the shells thrown upon the banks by the overflowing of the Wattawa.

OTHER TIMES.

In the reign of Henry the Fourth, when the persecution of the Lollards commenced, an unfortunate man of the name of Badby was sentenced to be burned in Smithfield, for attachment to the principles of Witcliffe, then denounced as a crime by the name of Lollardy. The Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry the Fifth, was present at the execution. When the unhappy sufferer felt the flames, his resolution seemed to forsake him, and his agonizing cries touched the Prince, who gave directions, that the tun in which he had been placed to be burned, should be removed, and Henry then offered him pardon if he would recant. Still farther to tempt him, he would allow him an income of three pence per day. Badby, however, rejected the proffered mercy, was reconducted to the stake, and consumed to ashes.—The three pence per day offered to the sufferer was a very handsome income at that time; from the bill of a dinner given in 1561 to the Duke of Norfolk and others, we find that the price of a leg of mutton was then three-pence, and that four pence half-penny would purchase half a bushel of flour. If we may assume the prices of those articles to have advanced one third in the one hundred and sixty years preceding, and measure the value of other commodities by them, it will appear that the three pence per day offered by the Prince of Wales, was equal in value to four or five shillings per day at the present time, an income which to a poor man would certainly appear respectable, and not unworthy the personage who offered it.

TYROLESE GIRL.

During a conflict at the farm of Rainerhof, in the Tyrolese war in 1809, a young woman who resided at the house, brought out a small cask of wine to encourage and refresh the peasants; and had advanced to the scene of action, regardless of the tremendous fire of the Bavarians, with the cask upon her head, when a bullet struck it, and compelled her to let it go. Undaunted by this accident, she hastened to repair the mischief, by placing her thumb to the orifice caused by the ball; and encouraged those nearest her to refresh themselves quickly, that she might not remain in her dangerous situation, and suffer for her generosity.

MRS. PERRY.

Died, at Kensington, near London, the widow Perry, æt. 102. Her maiden name was Hester Townsend. She was born at Bremhill, near Calne, in Wiltshire, the beginning of December, 1719,—of course she has lived in the reign of all the Georges. She had been well known about Kensington and Hyde Park by thousands who are gone before her. She walked upon crutches, and subsisted for many years upon casual charity; but when she attained her century, a subscription of a penny per week was begun and continued by as many individuals as amounted to eight shillings, paid to her every Monday morning, till the day of her death.

EDWARD COLSTON.

"He feeds yon alms-house, neat but void of state;
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans, blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest."

Pope.

The celebrated Edward Colston, who was a native of Bristol, and died in 1821, devoted his life and fortune to the noblest acts of christian benevolence. On his monument there is recorded a list of the public charities and benefactions given and founded by him, which amount to £70,695; but his private donations were not less than his public ones; he sent at one time £3000, to relieve and discharge the debtors in Ludgate, by a private hand; and he yearly freed those confined for small debts in Whitechapel prison and the Marshalsea; he sent £1000 to relieve the poor of Whitechapel; and twice a week had a quantity of beef and broth dressed, to distribute to all the poor around him. If any sailor suffered, or was cast away in his employment, his family afterwards found a sure asylum in him.

How solicitous he was of doing good, and having his charities answer the design of their institution, appears from a letter of his,

to Mr. Mason, Master of the Society of Merchants in Bristol, the trustees of his charity. "Your letter was received by me with great satisfaction, because it informs me, that the Merchants' Hall have made choice of so deserving a gentleman for their master, by whom I cannot in the least think there will be any neglect of their affairs; so neither of want of care, in seeing my trust reposed in them religiously performed; because, thereon depends the welfare or ruin of so many boys, who may in time be made useful, as well to your city as to the nation, by their future honest endeavours; the which that they may be, is what I principally desire and recommend unto you, sir, and the whole society. Edward Colston."

During the scarcity of 1795, Mr. Colston, after relieving the wants of his immediate neighbourhood, sent in a cover to the London Committee, with only these words, "To relieve the wants of the poor in the metropolis," and without any signature, the sum of £20,000. A donation almost past belief, but established on the best authority.

When some friends urged Mr. Colston to marry, he replied, "Every helpless widow is my wife, and her distressed orphans my children." What adds greatly to his character as a charitable man, is, that he performed all these works of beneficence, great and splendid as they are, in his life-time; he invested revenues for their support in the hands of trustees; he lived to see the trusts justly executed; and perceived with his own eyes the good effects of all his establishments. That his great fortune might the less embarrass him with worldly cares, he placed it out chiefly in government securities; and the estates he bought to endow his hospitals, were chiefly ground rents.—And notwithstanding all these public legacies, he provided amply for all his relations and dependents, leaving more than £100,000 amongst them.

JOHN WICKLIFF.

The ancient family of the celebrated Reformer, John Wycliffe, became extinct a few days ago, by the death of Thomas Wycliffe, Esq. whose ancestors have been settled at Richmond in Yorkshire, ever since the reign of Edward the First.

CENSUS OF PORTUGAL.

The Portuguese monarchy has possessions in four parts of the world:—

In Europe is the kingdom of Portugal, and the Algarves, on a surface of 4630 leagues square, and 3,680,000 inhabitants.

In America, Brazil and Guiana, 277,000 leagues square, and 24,000,000 inhabitants.

In the Atlantic and Africa, the isles of Madeira and Porto Santo, 50 square leagues, and 91,200 inhabitants. The Azores 147 square leagues, 160,000 inhabitants. Cape Verd Islands, 216 square leagues, 36,000 inhabitants. The islands on the coast of

Guinea, 53 square leagues, 35,000 inhabitants. The government of Angola, 70 square leagues, 75,000 inhabitants. Of Mosambique, 139 square leagues, 60,000 inhabitants.

In Asia, Goa, 92 square leagues, 60,000 inhabitants. Timor and Solor, 33 square leagues, 15,060 inhabitants. Macao, 14 square leagues, and 33,800 inhabitants.—Total 282,444 square leagues, and 6,649,200 inhabitants: among the latter are two millions of slaves. The political importance equal to that of the Belgic provinces, and superior to that of Sweden.

The crown revenues from eighty to ninety millions of francs. The armed force consists in Europe of 25,000 militia. In Brazil the troops of the line and militia about 50,000. Their marine has not above eight ships of the line and sixteen frigates.

A curious phenomenon now stands on the road-side to Brighton, on the estate of Mr. Sewell: it is a very large tree, half of which is oak, and the other half beech.

LITERARY.

Shortly will be published, *Practical Observations on Paralytic Affections, St. Vitus' Dance, Distortions of the Spine, and Deformities of the Chest and Limbs, arising from Chronic Rheumatism, Rickets, Gout, &c illustrative of the beneficial effects of Muscular Action, with Cases*, by W. Tilleard Ward, F.L.S.

Our medical readers will be entertained and interested by the perusal of a *Treatise on Acupuncture*, by JAMES MORRIS CHURCHILL, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. This operation, as the name imports, consists in inserting a needle into the muscular parts of the body, to the depth, sometimes, of an inch. The instantaneous effect of this singular remedy in alleviating pains of a rheumatic nature, is truly surprising and unaccountable; but the facts, as exhibited in many cases, are sufficiently strong to command our assent. In attacks of a nervous nature, the happy influence of this process is equally undeniable. This remedy has long been in use amongst the Japanese and Chinese, and is now making its way into European practice, with results which at least demand the earnest attention and scrutiny of the physiologist. The author of the *Treatise* in question abstains altogether from the dubious enquiry into the origin of these singular effects; and we think that, in this stage of the business, he does well to confine himself to the establishment of facts. He must expect to find no little scepticism, on a subject so much at variance with the common apprehensions of the public; but, as far as we can yet judge, we think he is proceeding on solid ground, and will, in the end, do considerable service to the cause of surgical science and humanity.